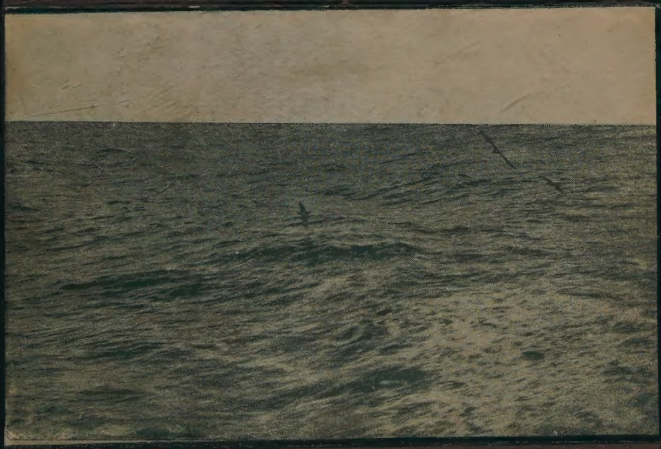
BLUE WATERS AND GREEN



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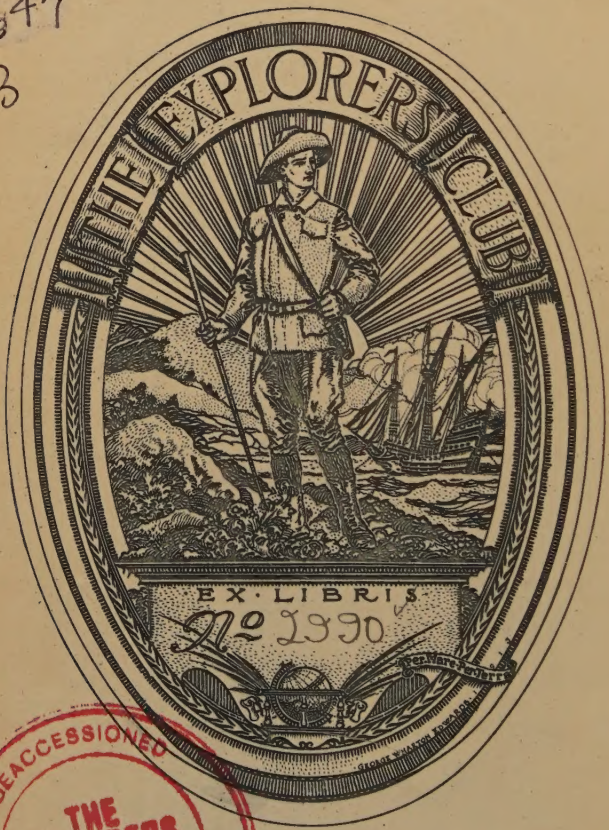

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ENTERTAINING A FRIEND.

BLUE WATERS AND GREEN

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AND

THE FAR EAST TODAY.

BY

F. DUMONT SMITH.

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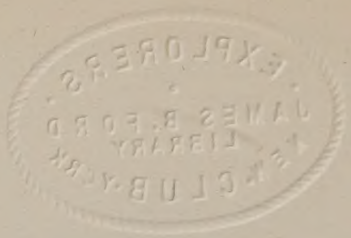
1907.



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Thalassa

"I stand upon the summit of my life:
Behind, the camp, the court, the field, the grove,
The battle and the burden; vast afar
Beyond these weary ways, behold the Sea.
The sea, o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,
By thoughts and wishes manifold; whose breath
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.

"Palter no question of the horizon dim—
Cut loose the bark: such voyage is itself a rest.
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, current without care,
Eternity: deliverance, promise, course;
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore."

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Fifty Illustrations.

Four Drawings by Albert T. Reid.

THE FAR EAST TODAY.

ON THE PACIFIC.

I am sure that not one of Xenophon's Ten Thousand, when they stood upon the last hill and saw the Ægean, felt more joy than I when I saw the Pacific through the Golden Gate and felt once more the long uplift and steady roll of the mile-long swell.

To them the blue water meant home. To me it means peace—peace and rest. Peace from troubling and vexation. Rest from harassing, petty cares; rest from strenuous labor; rest from the task of Sisyphus, the daily rolling of the stone uphill each day repeated. Balm and healing in the sweet sea-wind; rest and healing for tired souls and worn-out nerves.

The sullen trade-wind was desolating San Francisco with its daily plague of dust, cold fog and bitter keenness when we crossed the chaos that once was a city, to the Pacific mail dock. Our ship is the "Nip-

pon Maru," of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, that is, the Oriental Steamship Company. Everyone knows that Nippon is the native name for Japan, and Maru is ship. This subsidized Japanese line has two other ships, the "Hong Kong Maru" and the "America Maru." Two more are building, to be ready this fall,—18,000-ton leviathans, and then the "Nippon" will go on the South-American line, then to be started.

The captain is an Englishman, forty-eight years a master mariner. The doctor, purser, freight clerk, head steward, stewardess, are Americans. All else are Japs and Chinese. The other officers, navigators, engineer's staff, coal-passers, and sailors, are all Japs. The stewards, cabin-boys and waiters are all Chinese. Our boy is a Cantonese, who are said to be the best of the Chinese servants, and Ah Wing is as near perfection as it is given to mortal man to be. Tall, slender, his face the color of old ivory, he wears an expression of dignified cheerfulness, courtesy and goodness; soft-footed, tireless, kindly and considerate, Ah Wing deserves a better pen than mine to tell of his virtues. His English vocabulary is limited, but suffices. "Catchee" and "makee" are his principal verbs, and serve all purposes. "Catchee" is

to get, find, bring, and twenty other things. "Makee" is to do, perform, furnish, and so on.

This morning I said: "Ah Wing, where are my coat-hangers?"

"Me catchee him."

He looked and looked, and finally said sorrowfully, "No can catchee."

Then suddenly he remembered. "Missee makee him."

F. had used it.

"Ah Wing, ask the purser to send me some pencils."

"Allitee; me catchee him."

Returned. "Makee sharp," and there were my pencils, beautifully pointed.

The ladies always take breakfast in bed, and Ah Wing always tempts them with the best the table affords.

"Stlawbellies bottom side. You like stlawbellies?" And the fruit appears with crushed ice and pulverized sugar so served that it tempts even a seasick stomach.

Ah Wing knows just how malted milk should be served; he knows when to be silent. He can smile

without moving a muscle. Only a Chinaman can do that. Few ladies in Kansas keep their houses as he keeps our suite.

In the morning he wears a long blue cotton gown to his heels, and his glossy queue is wrapped about his head. But at the table—for he waits on the table, too—he appears in spotless white and his queue hangs to his waist, the pride of his heart, the emblem of his race, sanctified by his religion, without which he would be disgraced.

The routine of the ship is much the same as on the Atlantic. At 7:30 the boy serves coffee and toast in your room; at 8:30, breakfast; at 11:00, bouillon and crackers; lunch at 1:00; tea at 4:00; and dinner at 7:00; sandwiches and the like in the smoking-room all the time.

There are seven meals a day if you take them all. However, they are not served by the hours, but by the "bells." The clockwork regularity of the ship's housekeeping is measured by a sweet-toned bell on the forward deck, struck every half-hour. Eight A. M. is eight bells. Then it starts with one bell for 8:30, two bells for 9 o'clock, and an additional bell for each half-hour until eight bells is again reached,

at noon. Again, they start with one bell until 4 o'clock, when eight bells is again reached. The origin of the custom is lost in antiquity. But like most sea customs, it never changes. That is a curious thing. The conservatism of seafaring men is the cause of it. The vast change from sail to steam has changed marine nomenclature and usage but little—just added some new occupations and terms for them.

In front of my window some Jap sailors on the forward deck are making a new awning, and making it just as the sailors of Columbus made a sail four hundred years ago. They squat on the sail and push the needle through with a leather palm-guard instead of a thimble.

Every sailor wears a sheath-knife at the back of his belt, so that a lashing may be cut quickly to loosen the boat or let a sail go. There is often no time to open a pocket-knife. Also, it is handy in a scrap. We still have "labboard" and "stabboard" watches, and the two dog watches, as they have been denominated from time immemorial,—the former two of eight hours each, the latter four each.

Sailor-men are like the English: they can adopt a new thing, but they will never do an old thing a new

way. Thus, the English adopted the telephone and other Yankee inventions quickly, but they will continue their abominable baggage system till the end of time. The London & Northwestern tried to introduce our system of checking baggage. They even went further. They offered to call for your trunk in London, for instance, and deliver it to your address in Edinburgh for the small sum of a shilling,—24 cents. Nay, nay. Our Briton refused, and continues to pile his trunk on a "four-wheeler" and stand in the rain at his destination and identify it, rather than do the old thing in a new way. So sailor-men, be they English, Japs, Yankees or Portuguese, will be sailor-men till men no longer "go down to the sea in ships," until we quit the sea and take to the air.

Our passenger list is a small one—less than half our capacity, and not as motley as usual. We are the only tourists. All the rest are going on their affairs of blood or business, visiting kinfolk across the sea or going to their occupations in foreign parts. There are half a dozen young fellows going to Manila in our civil service there—clerks and the like. There is a captain of native constabulary returning from a va-

RED LACQUER BRIDGE, NIKKO.

cation. There is the Inspector of Public Buildings for Manila, one of the finest Dutchmen I ever met, a world-wanderer who knows Kowloon and Callao, Singapore and Aden, and all the strange places of the earth, as familiarly as I know Kansas, a tramp royal whose home is under his hat, who has the gift of tongues, a seeing eye, plays all the games ever invented and plays them well, and is the best smoking-room company you can imagine.

There is the young doctor from Manila who has his bride with him, a fair-faced girl from the States whom he is taking back to the Islands to slowly stew her life out, lose that fresh complexion, and likely fill one of the new graves in the rapidly growing American cemetery. Women die quickly out there.

There are Jack and Jean, two eight-year-olds, going with their mother, the wife of a St. Louis editor, to visit their sister, an army officer's wife, at Manila. Jack and Jean are twins, and their eighth birthday happened Monday, and dear old Captain Filmer had a whacking big birthday cake for them and gave them each a "Nippon Maru" stick-pin. Jack ate his cake in silence, but Jean insisted upon everyone's having a share, down to the cabin-boys. They are the pets

of the ship, sweet-faced, clear-eyed American children.

As a contrast to them there is their constant companion, the little Moro boy of the same age. Two school-teachers from the Islands accompany him, going back to their work after a brief vacation. His parents were killed in a raid, and these good women adopted him and he has been two years at school in Minneapolis at their expense. Now they are taking him home, and hope for great things of him. He is noisy, forward, a little overbearing with Jack, yet withal good-natured and kindly, and has manners better than most American children. He has a tremendous physique for his age, and looks as if he would be a leader when he gets his growth.

There are two Chinamen who have made their fortune in South America and are going home to enjoy it. One of them has his wife with him, who looks like a nice Chinese doll, and says "Buenas dias" in the prettiest way when you bow to her, and always shakes hands with all the ladies in the morning.

There is a buyer for a great New York importing house who goes to the Orient with *carte blanche* to buy bronzes, porcelains, embroideries and art objects

with no limit set on his expenditure. He knows Japanese art, and can tell china of one period from another; keeps an office in Yokohama and another in Osake, just to gather up rare things. He has been everywhere, spent his life in learning and buying what is the choicest of the art of all countries, and his stories of "finds" and how and where he found them would fill a volume.

And then there is the Governor. I leave him till the last intentionally, and leave him here for the present. You will know more of him if you read these pages. I mean to make you like him as well as I do, for I have promised to break my trip at Manila and spend a week with him at his capital, Benguet, which is also the summer capital now, of the Islands, from whence he rules some sixty thousand of the former head-hunters, Igorrotes, but lately the wildest of the wild tribes. He deserves a chapter to himself, and shall have it. As one of our first proconsuls, ruling with power of life and death over thousands, as a type of the men we are sending out there to take up the white man's burden, he surpasses in interest to me all the rest.

The first night out from Frisco we stepped on the

tail of a westerly gale. It had passed us, but we got a touch of it, and I awoke in the night to feel the swift upheave as we struck the quartering seas, the roll to starboard, the downward plunge and the reverse roll. To me it was delightful. As a child I used to swing the other children till they fell out and went away to relieve their diaphragms. I never wearied of it, and nothing is so like a swing as a small ship in a sea. But it was far otherwise with the rest. F. yielded up her dinner without a protest. A. was "just dizzy," and took to her berth; and at breakfast but five of us showed up. All day we climbed the great swells on a slant and bobbed and ducked and side-stepped and pitched and rolled. Coming so soon after the start, it slew the best of them. It was surely a test, and at night the Governor and I were the only occupants of the smoking-room. I have crossed the Irish Channel when every passenger but myself was sick, and this was as bad. By morning it had moderated, and at the end of a couple of days most of the invalids were on deck. F. suffered less than usual, and is well enough to-day to think of her appearance, which clearly indicates convalescence. I have hopes of making a sailor of her yet.

When we left Frisco the sea was breaking heavily over the bar; the famous "potato patch," where many a tall ship has gone down, and so called because in the early days a brig loaded with potatoes struck and went to pieces there. Along the shore the water was green, a clear cobalt as shallow salt water usually is, but when we had rounded the bar on the north and dropped our pilot and set our course southeasterly, straight for Honolulu twenty-one hundred miles away, we found the true "blue water," "out of soundings" as sailors say. And what a blue is the Pacific! It is almost a color by itself. The ordinary hues fail to fully describe it. More like indigo than anything else, so deep, so dark, so solid and impenetrable to the eye, yet gemmed with brilliants at the touch of every breeze. To-day the sky is a true turquoise, the same, I doubt not, that arches over Kansas, and this ocean blue fades the sky by contrast, makes the azure looked washed out and pale. Its blue is inextinguishable. In sun or storm, by day or night, clear or cloudy the sky, there is that same profound, unchanging blue.

This morning when the sun rose it came to us down a sea pathway of molten silver burnished to a degree

intolerable to the eye. Nothing but the sun can change this blue—and that to something more wonderful.

I was trying to shave this morning with my bath-room window open (we have a bath-room as big as an ordinary hotel room); *trying* to shave, for I was constantly rushing to the window to watch perpetually new effects from the sunrise, new showers of diamonds scattered on the sea floor by the breeze, when I saw my first flying-fish. A little bird, brown on the back, white beneath, sprang from a white-topped wave, and skimmed away like a swallow. It was a fish, and it really flies. I had supposed they only leaped, but they fly, fly with wings like a bird and with the same motion; but they can fly only so long as their wings are wet. When these dry out in the air they must dip again and wet their wings. I saw one skim and dip and rise again for fully a hundred yards. They grow a foot in length, and when full grown have two full sets of wings.

When we left the harbor the white gulls followed us for a day, and left us. They nest by thousands on the Farallones, rocky islets forty miles out, and are the scavengers of the harbor.

The second day the albatross joined us. Whence he came no one knows, where he nests and raises his young no one on the ship knows, how he picked up our ship no one knows. There are a dozen of them, and they will follow us till we sight Honolulu and then leave us to the harbor gulls and pick up some outgoing ship. On tireless wing they follow us—circle, pursue, retreat, appear and disappear, flying in a day not less than two thousand miles, and usually without the movement of a wing. They merely sail as a ship does, with wide wings atilt, to right or left, up or down, taking advantage of every slant of air. If weary, they settle on the water, and, head beneath a wing, sleep as quietly as the barnyard fowl on its roost.

At certain hours well known to the birds, the refuse of the meal is thrown overboard, and they settle to their feast and we miss them for an hour or two. Then they overtake us and resume their tireless circling about the ship.

Tonight we saw the Southern Cross for the first time, just above the horizon. I had not expected to see it in such high latitudes, but there it is, clear and splendid, the most perfect of all the constellations,

most perfect because it is truly proportioned, each star in its exact position, each equally and superlatively brilliant. We shall lose it when we turn north to Yokohama, and find it again on the road to Manila. Somehow it is an epoch. It marks and connotes the strange new world we are in, so foreign to all we have known. We feel far away and very lonely, this speck on the infinite sea, this atom on the illimitable waste. If there is anywhere a place where man acknowledges his littleness and turns to a Higher Power it is at sea; and so when Sunday came we all went to service in the dining-room. There is no clergyman aboard, and so the "Old Man," the Captain, read the Episcopal service and read it beautifully. He is simply and sincerely religious, believes in the Book "from kiver to kiver," albeit he can cuss the pitch out of the seams and make even a Malay turn pale. He is great on exegesis. Has it all worked out, can explain all the miracles, and is especially strong on Revelation. Certainly it was moving to see that old white-haired seaman who has followed the roughest of all occupations, who has been shipwrecked, fought for his life in seaport rows, quelled a mutiny with a belaying-pin, and dealt with the rudest

WAIKIKI BEACH, HONOLULU.

and most profane of the world's citizens, kneel and in unfeigned piety commend himself to the care of God as simply as a child at its mother's knee. He is fine, that old man, and when I take off my cap to his cheery morning greeting I bow to one of the best of that "Ancient Order of Gentlemen."

Diamond Head is in sight, and tomorrow we shall "do" Honolulu.

HONOLULU.

Mark Twain visited Hawaii in 1869, shortly before his trip abroad, and his letters from there gave him his first reputation.

In 1896, on his tour of the world, which is described in "Following the Equator," he was to lecture there, but an outbreak of cholera prevented his landing, and he never saw it again. It was a bitter disappointment to him, and in his book you will find this written of Hawaii:

"No alien land in all the world has any deep strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking through half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun, the pulsing of its surf-beat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plumy palms drowsing by the shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud-rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitude, I can hear the splash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

Does this seem like exaggeration? Go to Honolulu and see.

A world-wanderer, he had seen everything with a seeing and discriminating eye, and in his old age Honolulu comes back to him as the most beautiful spot in the traveled world.

It is so. I have seen something of the earth's beauty-spots, and when the last call comes, "from labor to refreshment," I want to go to Hawaii.

The merest enumeration of its physical advantages is astonishing. Lying on the twenty-first parallel, it produces everything of the tropics, but the temperature never goes above 90. Always cooled by the Trades, laden with the ocean ozone, there is no lassitude in its air, no vitality-sapping heat, none of the lethargy, the physical and moral deterioration that marks the countries along the line.

On the contrary, people from "the States" thrive there, are active, energetic, progressive, and aggressive. Their children are healthy, strong, and vigorous.

There is not a poisonous reptile or a noxious plant in these "Blessed Isles."

Its flowers are always blooming and always fragrant. The soil of decomposed tufa is astonishingly fertile,

inexhaustible, kindly, easily tilled. Every day there are light showers, and the absence of dust, the amazing verdance of its luxuriant vegetation, the cool, washed and sparkling air, delight, bewilder, and exhilarate.

The green valleys are frowned upon by stupendous volcanic cliffs, nearly always topped with floating cloud-rack, and wreathed far down with feathery vapor. Down their stern faces, softened here and there by clinging vines and strange plants, rush innumerable cascades, here foaming with voluminous thundering, there lacing the rocks with tenuous spray. Set this in an incomparable sea, whose near-by color exhausts every green of the palette, broken by the flashing surf, and whose further distance melts from cobalt to turquoise, from turquoise to indigo, thence to purple, until you lose the sense of color and at the last perceive only vastness, space without limit, and where will you match it?

It is a poet's vision wrought out and made real, an earthly paradise.

I shall not tell you of the material conditions of the islands.

I am told it is a rich man's country. That living

is expensive, wages low; that a few large proprietors own all the fertile land; that sugar is low and the country not as prosperous as it was under the monarchy; that Uncle Sam collects in the way of tariffs and internal revenue twice as much as he spends there. I do not know. You can find these things in the Blue Books.

I enjoyed Hawaii with my senses, and let my brain rest. I care nothing for exports from Paradise; statistics of Eden would be a desecration. There was no census-taker in the first Garden. I did not go below that enchanting surface to learn the comparative units of income and outgo.

The people seemed well dressed, well housed. Certainly they are cheerful, and life seems to have a zest for them that Pittsburg and Packington cannot show.

Doubtless the natives do not ride in top buggies, nor have pianos and lace curtains. But they have each a little garden, a bread-fruit tree and a banana, and that suffices, for they have all about them pictures such as no artist ever painted. Air, freedom, space, and in their hearts the wisdom of a people who find contentment in the things they have. They are happy: what more is there? The poorest in his tiny

hut on the slopes of the Pali, singing his soft Hawaiian songs, is happier than Morgan and Rockefeller, so I waste no pity on him,—he does not need it.

On the docks I saw a grimy stevedore, half-naked, plashed with sweat, but about his ragged hat was a wreath of flowers that money could not buy in the States. Incongruous? Yes, elsewhere, but here natural; he would not work without them. To him, there in the stifling warehouse, they mean his little home, where he will go when he has earned a few dollars. They bring him a breath of the open, the fragrance and greenness of this, his land. They are to him what a drink or a smoke is to the New York or London stevedore, and it marks character, the æsthetic touch and love of nature that this beautiful summer-land has nourished in her poorest and lowliest

Honolulu is modern, up-to-date, with wide, well-paved streets, stately business blocks, and as fine an electric car system as you shall find anywhere. Each house is detached, and each unlike the other. And about each a wealth of strange blooms, flowering trees, fronded palms, bizarre exotic luxuriance, so that every house is a picture by itself.

FLOWER SELLERS, HONOLULU.

Through avenues of the stately "royal palm," white, smooth columns crowned with a burst of feathery foliage, you see wide-eaved houses, each with its "lanai," a sort of outdoor sitting-room, roofed and sheltered with woven jalousies, the living-room of the house.

The lawn is a native grass, almost equal to blue-grass. Here is the Ponciana Regia, the most gorgeous of all flowering trees, whose perfect umbrella top is green beneath and scarlet above, with its mass of great flame-colored flowers that rest on the green fronds as though they were strewn there by hand. The Bougainvillea, a tree with purple flowers; the "pink shower" and the "yellow shower" trees, covered with pink and yellow flowers; the Algeroba, the rubber tree, cocoa palms, bread-fruit, papai, that bears a melon much like our cantaloupe; the alligator pear, used for salads, and countless others, novel in form and bewildering in variety. Every outlook entices, every aspect allures. You are reluctant to pass, yet loth to linger, for an ever-new vista draws you on.

We took an automobile up to the Pali, the great cliff, where Kamehameha, after defeating the last of

his enemies, drove them over its height to destruction and became the Napoleon of the Pacific.

The road follows the Nuuanu Valley to its source, winding upward to the pass at its head, where you look across a green valley to the other side of the island, and where the Trades accumulating in the valley funnel rush through the narrow pass with the force of a hurricane. The ride down of six miles is the most glorious I have ever taken. You slide down and dip and turn and wind between great volcanic cliffs wrapped with cloud-wreaths, barred with patches of green and cleft with gorges holding each its waterfall. At a turn, you see below you the town set in greenery, the harbor green and opalescent, the reefs beyond, where the surf breaks into spray, and beyond all, the purpling sea. A picture never to be forgotten.

Then there is Waikiki Beach, most beautiful of the world's sea marges. It lies in a two-mile crescent of golden sand, protected from the sharks by the outer reef of coral, over which the great Pacific combers break with foam and shouting and then come rushing to the shore in long green rollers that furnish the famous surf-riding of the Islands. They come in with a velocity as high as 40 miles an hour, and the

natives ride them in a canoe or even on a board, keeping the crest of a wave until it breaks on the beach. The water shoals so gradually that there is little danger, and it affords a novel sensation for the most jaded tourist to come hurling landward on a ten-foot wave where the wrong turn of a paddle means a capsize.

There is a school-house at Waikiki taught by a native girl, where Hawaiians, Japs and Chinese, the motley offspring of the Islands, learn English. It was wonderful to see those young heathen follow Yankee ways, for the school is strictly on American lines. The discipline is perfect, and their progress amazing. The teacher told them a little Chinese fairy story, and then each wrote it down in his own way in English. Here is one of them written by a Chinese boy of eight, in a fair plain hand. Mark the grammar and choice of words:

"Once upon a time there lived a man called Hok Tee. People thought he was a good man, but he was not. He used to steal. No one thought Hok Tee was a thief. One day Hok Tee's cheek began to swell. He went to the doctor. The doctor said, 'You have been doing something wrong. The gods are angry with you.' Hok Tee gave his money to the doctor. The doctor sent him to the dwarfs.

Hok Tee went to the dwarfs' tree and hid himself in the branches. He fell and hurt himself. The dwarfs made Hok Tee dance. They were not pleased with his dancing. The next full moon, Hok Tee went again. He begged them to cure him. They cured him."

How is that for Ah Po, aged eight? My copy is exact, and you will see that there is not an error in it of any kind. How many Kansas boys of eight can do as well? And there is no race trouble between them. They all learn quickly and play together as though they were of one blood. The Island schools are fine and the literacy of the people already high.

One of the sights of the world is the Aquarium at Waikiki. The fish are all from Island waters, some two hundred varieties. The food fish of these waters are unsurpassed; the mullet, sea-bass, sea-salmon and many others constituting the main food supply of the Asiatics and natives; but the Aquarium is just to show what Neptune can produce when he gets gay. No opium-smoker, hasheesh drunkard or delirium tremens victim ever imagined such grotesque and outrageous forms. There are fish with hands, with gills in their fins, with horns and spikes and sails; fish that

sit on their tails and look at you with human eyes; fish with hair and fur; fish striped, streaked, spotted, mottled, cross-barred, checkered and dyed every with color, primary and derivative; fish with heads like a horse, like a man, like a bull, like a frog, and fish with no heads at all. There are monstrous crayfish, big as a tub, crabs with six claws and the Lord knows what else. It took me an hour to get sober, or feel sober again when I got through. The wonders of the deep down here surpass the visions of Revelation, but for me, let me have my staid, unassuming, sober-jacketed old friends, the bass and crappie. This foppery of the brine, like that of the land, goes with uselessness except to look at.

In a big tank on the shore is a man-eating shark, recently caught. The shark alone of all fish, will not live in captivity. With the best of care, four weeks is the limit of his life in a tank. His fierce and restless spirit will not brook confinement nor live within limits. His companion is an ancient sea-turtle who looks as though he might be the father of the breed. He weighs at least three hundred pounds and the moss on his back is an inch long, and he looks as hoary and antique as the Coliseum. The waters about the

islands are full of them, and if there is anything more delicious than green-turtle steak, I want to see it.

These waters are also full of sharks, man-eaters all, tiger sharks, they call them. Inside the reef at Waikiki, bathing is safe; elsewhere is it pretty near suicide. A week ago a stranger went in swimming off Diamond Head. Yesterday they found his ring and some buttons in a shark. *Hic jacet.* And they did not even bury the shark. Saves embalming and funeral expenses, but bad for the undertaker.

It is said by some that a shark will not bite a kanaka; cannot, is more like it, for a shark will eat anything and bite at anything. The kanaka is quicker in the water than a shark, and hunts him in his own element for the sport of it. Also, sharks' teeth are salable and sharks' fins make good soup.

One of the favorite ways of killing sharks sounds incredible, but is common enough here. The kanaka swims out beyond the reef with a hardwood stick, sharp at both ends, a foot or more in length. When a shark engages him he waits until the shark opens his mouth to bite, to do which he must turn on his back, as his upper jaw projects a foot beyond the lower The kanaka jams the stick into the shark's mouth,

and when he shuts his jaw, expecting to find a kanaka leg in it, he transfixes his jaw fast on the sharp ends of the stick and is helpless. The kanaka rips him open with his knife and tows him ashore. Naturally it takes an expert swimmer to do it, and the kanakas are that and then some.

Here are a couple of true stories of what they can do in the water:

The "Nippon Maru" was ready to sail from Honolulu once, and only awaiting an Island steamer from Pearl Harbor with bananas. The little side-wheel boat was in the channel outside when a cona, a sort of typhoon, came up. These winds are much dreaded in the Islands, as they get up a terrific sea in a few minutes. Within five minutes the little side-wheeler was capsized. She carried a crew of five kanakas and one American, the engineer, who had but one leg. The crew of the "Nippon Maru" wanted to launch the lifeboat and go to their rescue, but the captain refused. He had had much experience in these waters, and he knew no boat could live in that sea. The harbor was thronged with people watching the tragedy, powerless to help the doomed men. Presently in the smother of spray just outside the

reef appeared a black head, another, and then another. The three dived through the surf that broke over the reef, and were soon inside the breakwate of the reef and swimming easily for shore. Still the crowd watched; the one-legged engineer was of course drowned. (No man with one leg can swim; that is curious, for a one-armed man can.) But there might be another kanaka saved, and boats put out as far as it was safe, inside the reef. Presently in the boiling smother, worse than Niagara where it breaks to its fall, appeared three heads. The two kanakas were bringing the helpless engineer in, and they did it. They dived through the awful surf and brought him over the reef, alive but unconscious. The kanakas were but little the worse for it. And mark you, they brought that helpless engineer through a sea in which experts agreed no boat could live.

Did anyone say anything about swimming?

Here is another:

Molly Bush was quite noted as an Island beauty. Her father was an Englishman, her mother a Hawaiian. Mentally her education was English, physically Hawaiian. She was going from Oahu to Hilo on one of the island steamers. She was the only Hawaiian

passenger; all the rest were Japs. A cona came up. The captain saw that his boat was about to founder, and lowered his small boats. The sea was so rough that the boats had to keep at a distance on a riding line; the passengers were lowered into the sea and drawn to the boats. When the captain offered to tie the rope around Miss Molly's shapely waist she indignantly refused.

"Go in a boat with those Japs? Go into the water with a rope around me? Nonsense!"

The captain remonstrated. He wanted to save her life. He would be much criticized if he let pretty Molly Bush, the Rose of the Islands, drown. Her reply was emphatic. She stripped off her clothes, tied them to her shoulders, and swam ashore. The Japs were all drowned. It was another case of swimming through a sea where a boat could not live.

Readers of "Paul and Virginia," even those who have wept over its finish, will agree with me, that Molly had more sense than Virginia.

I could multiply these tales. The kanakas think nothing of swimming from Mau to Hawaii, 31 miles. In fact, there is no record of the death of any Islander in water. He may drown himself in rum or gin, es-

pecially the latter, of which he is very fond, but you cannot hurt him in the water.

When our boat entered the harbor, a dozen half-grown boys swam out to meet us and dived for pennies and nickels and never lost one. One boy, to show off, came up feet first, with the nickel between his toes. The captain wanted the ship's bottom examined, and one of the natives took a rock in his arms and descended to the keel, and in four trips worked her entire length.

Coming out, the boys swarmed up the sides of the ship, dived from her bridge, thirty feet, and climbed aboard and dived again until the sailors drove them off.

A little touch of race feeling happened here. Arra, the Moro boy, pushed one of the kanaka boys as he was about to dive. When he came up he threatened to come back and slap the Moro. "Ah, get out, you nigger!" said Arra. Arra was seven shades darker than the kanaka, nearly black, in fact, but he has been in the States at school and considers himself white. The kanaka was probably three-quarters white. There is hardly any pure kanaka blood in the Islands, even in the Royal family. My chauffeur, when I

asked him his nationality, answered proudly, "I am three-quarter wite." Down South, the worst insult is for one darky to call another, "You black nigger!" That means razors, sure. The descendants of Ham, the world over, seem to be proud of any white blood. The word "nigger" doesn't go as an insult on the Islands, but "savage" does. I heard one kanaka boy say to another, "Go on, you savage; your father ate Captain Cook." That closed the argument. Vituperation could go no further.

As a matter of fact, the Islanders are said to be of Arabian descent, and came here in canoes about 800 years ago. They are a kindly and gentle people. They love flowers, music, and the dance. Their music has a wonderful rhythm to it, wholly unlike that of any of the South Sea peoples. It is dreamy, sensuous, with an undertone of melancholy. Their stringed orchestras are fine, and when they play dance music they sing to it. F. says their music is the best she ever danced to.

Nothing shows their character more fitly than their salutations: "Aloha"—"Love," or "Love to you." The English "How do you do?" the French "How do you carry yourself?" the German "How goes it?"

are like a blow in the face compared to this kindly, affectionate greeting.

They are not industrious nor thrifty; they have lost their patrimony in these beautiful islands. The rapacious American and German have wrested from them their homes. The Japs have taken their work. They are a vanishing race, already dwindled in seventy years from three hundred thousand to forty thousand.

I suppose the exploitation of the Islands by foreign capital makes for "progress." It means more sugar, more exports. Flowers and music and song and kindly courtesy have no commercial value.

The "lei" girls, with their strings of exquisite flowers, represent no increment of capital. This is the Twentieth Century, and it has no room for leisure, for song and fragrance, for courtesy and happy loitering. The yellow man and the brown must bow his back to the task the white man sets, or get off the earth. And he is getting off. The white man's rum and the white man's vices finish him quickly.

Soon there will be no Islanders, no "lei" girls, no brown bodies diving through the great combers or riding the surf in happy idleness, no songs and dances

and flowers;—just sugar, sugar and tobacco, and a "prosperous community." May I not live to see the day.

Good-by, Hawaii, "Pearl of the Pacific": Aloha,—love to you.

JAPAN.

"At the end of the fight,
A tombstone white,
And the name of the late deceased.
An epitaph drear,
'A fool lies here
Who tried to hustle the East.'"

We have crossed the Pacific 6,000 miles, skirted the southern shores of Japan, passed through the Inland Sea, and are now in the China Sea sailing south for Manila, where we shall arrive the 27th.

We have been on the "Nippon" twenty-five days, and shall be with it off and on till July 11th,—a long, long trip.

We have touched at Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki, and have seen a little of Japan. We shall spend three weeks in traveling over it on our way home, and I shall defer any extended description of the country till later.

The geography of Japan is an irregular capital L, with Yokohama at the southeast heel, from whence it stretches northerly 300 miles to the sea of Okhotsk and westwardly about the same to Nagasaki. Yoko-

hama is the chief port of the Islands, but twenty-eight miles from the capital, and is one of the greatest shipping centers of the world.

Steamers touch or start from here for America, the Philippines, Australia, China, Europe, and nearly all the ports of the world. Its magnificent harbor is crowded with sails from every sea and the flags of every nation.

Here the East and West meet and the tides of ocean commerce from every sea pay tribute and pour their wealth into its lap.

It is a curious mixture of Old and New Japan, of the Occident and the Orient,—indescribable, fascinating, with a flavor like those strange condiments that the East produces. The railroad system of the Islands converges here. You may see Fujiyama from its streets on a clear day. You may ride in an automobile or a rickshaw. You may stop at an American hotel with every luxury, or at a Japanese inn where you furnish your own bedding and have a miniature sawhorse for a pillow. You may have the ways and the luxuries, the food and drink of the West, yet savor the strange exotic scents and flavors of the Far East.

Its situation is superb. Its harbor one of the best in the world, and its foreign population as well as trade are growing by leaps and bounds.

There is much talk of war in Yokohama, but it will not come, not now; later it may. The war talk comes from parliamentary groups in opposition to the government, and a few Jingo newspapers. The rulers of Japan do not want it now. They know that Japan is too poor. Of course the hoodlums of San Francisco may precipitate us at any moment into a war. A few more outrages on the Japanese may so increase the popular feeling here that the government's hand may be forced, for Japan has a popular government and freedom of the press. As an instance of the efforts the government is making to preserve peace, the Tokio *Puck*, a comic illustrated paper, had a cartoon showing Uncle Sam as a lion crushing a Japanese in his jaws, with the legend underneath: "We may have to take a gun to the American Lion as we did to the Russian Bear." The government could not suppress it, but it bought up and destroyed the entire issue,—fearful of the results on popular feeling. They are a proud, high-spirited people, perhaps a little cocky

over their recent achievements; and who shall blame them for resenting the repeated attacks on their people? If Americans were being mobbed daily on the streets of Tokio, and their property wantonly destroyed, we should know how they feel. Yet we are treated everywhere with the utmost courtesy and kindliness, not only in the shops, but on the streets and highways. The wrong is ours, and they are showing great forbearance. One comfort: if San Francisco involves us in war she will be the first and principal sufferer. Already measures are taken to route exports to America by Seattle and to boycott San Francisco.

Rounding the southeasterly point of Japan, we saw the wreck of the "Dakota," that struck a rock and sunk there last February. This was one of the Great Northern Line, the other being the "Minnesota" that was established two years ago by Jim Hill. They were monster boats, 20,000 tons register, 28,000 tons gross, the biggest on the Pacific. Great things were predicted of what they would do for our carrying trade. They were to be the start of our new commerce on the Pacific. They have done nothing but lose money from the start. The "Dakota" was losing

fifty thousand a month when she sunk. She was insured for her full value, three and one-half millions. Sailor-men wink and put their tongues in their cheeks when they talk of it. She was a mile out of her course, in full daylight, and so close to the shore that people could be seen on shore waving her off and seeking to warn her of the danger. She struck a rock that broke her back and sunk in twenty minutes. There was not even time to get her mails out. The passengers were all taken off by native boats—sampans—and no lives were lost, as the day was clear and the sea smooth, which made it the more inexplicable. The captain lost his certificate, but the insurance money was not put into a new ship, and the "Minnesota" remains the only one of the line.

The bay of Tokio in which Yokohama lies is superb; ten miles wide at its entrance and narrowing gradually. To obtain suitable defenses the Japs have built three artificial islands, mounted with disappearing guns, so that the harbor is impregnable to a fleet attack. This is true of all their harbors. Each is defended by every device possible. Even the Inland Sea is lined with forts and modern guns. They would never be guilty of the almost criminal folly of our gov-

ernment, in leaving Hawaii defenseless, after eight years of occupation, during which we have gone through with one war on the Pacific. It is the key to our Pacific littoral. As long as we hold it, no fleet save England's could attack us there. Held by a foreign power as a base and coaling station, our western front would be defenseless. Today it is practically defenseless to a foreign fleet. A Japanese force could take it in an hour, and eat up all our warships on the Pacific in about the same space of time. In fact, the Japs now on the Islands, numbering 20,000—all ex-soldiers—could take possession of this great strategic point almost without a struggle. Uncle Sam, the unready, always saves his money in time of peace, is always caught unprepared for war, and then must pour out blood and gold to make up for his unwise and foolish economy. If war ever comes with Japan she will seize the Philippines in two weeks, Hawaii in a month, and with our coast cities at her mercy dictate terms unless we prefer a long and desolating war, immense property loss, and thousands of lives, to recover the lost ground.

We had two days ashore at Yokohama, and stayed

at the Grand Hotel, famous all over the East. There are other good hotels, such as the Club and the Oriental Palace, all on the Bund or harbor front, but the Grand is the largest and most comfortable. The view from our windows of the harbor, with shipping, sailboats and sampans, the grim forts, the green hills beyond, the innumerable activities of the port, made a kaleidoscope of unfailing interest. The Grand in a way is a club. Many of the foreign residents board there, and I met within its doors the representative men of the foreign interests.

I spent most of my time for the two days in a rickshaw, "for to admire and for to see." The standard conveyance of the East is the jinrikisha, colloquially rickshaw. Everyone uses them, and a horse conveyance is as rare as an auto. I saw but two horse carriages in Yokohama, a city of 326,000. All the hauling is done by handcarts, except some very heavy stuff. As a result, the streets are superlatively clean, and quiet beyond belief,—an illustration of what our cities will be when the auto banishes the horse to the country, where he belongs.

I cannot say that I like the rickshaw for a long trip. It is tiring; but for the city it is delightful, noiseless,

easy, and cheap. Twenty-five sen an hour (12½ cents of our money) is the price; two yen, or one dollar, by the day. The yen is worth 50 cents of our money, and is divided into 100 sen,—a very convenient currency when you get used to it. They tell me that about five years is the life of a rickshaw-man; as enlargement of the heart drives them into other occupations. They go from five to six miles an hour, never slacken except for a hill, and run with a peculiar gait, a high knee motion that seems wasteful of strength but communicates no motion to the rickshaw. I had my picture taken in one and printed on a post card. This is one of the recognized things to do in Yokohama.

Delia, a colored maid of one of the ladies of the ship, had her first ride in a rickshaw. She was enthusiastic over it, and told her mistress.

"Miss Lucy, I done hiahed one of dem ripshaws and made dat nigger man haul me all ober town for fifty centses."

"Why, Delia, they are not negroes, they are Japanese."

"All same, dey looks like nigger men to me."

A. is from "Jawjah," and she classes them the same way.

I had expected to find Yokohama, the first and largest of the treaty ports, Europeanized. The fringe of it along the Bund is, but it is only a fringe. The moment you leave this fringe, perhaps two blocks wide, you plunge into old Japan,—narrow, tortuous streets, no sidewalks, every one walks in the road. One-story wooden houses with open fronts and the distinctive quaintness of Japan.

It was a rainy day, and every one wore clogs, a wooden sandal with two supports transversely placed an inch high and kept on by a thong held between the first and second toes. No one wore stockings, and the Japanese foot is a thing to admire because it is the natural human foot. Not only has it never been distorted by a shoe, but it is scrupulously clean, polished and pedicured like a lady's hand with us. The rounded heel rosy with health and scrubbing, each toe perfect and slightly parted like the claws of a bird.

Once in a while you see a man in European dress, never a woman, and they look absurd. The Japanese dress for men is the acme of comfort and freedom: short drawers, with the poorer class only a gee string, a kimono looped up when walking, and a pair of straw sandals; total cost, two yen or thereabouts. I, in

my high collar, two shirts, a coat, shoes, and all the rest, envied every one I met.

The dress for the women is ungraceful. The huge sash looped at the back spoils the figure. The tightly draped kimono hampers their movements, and besides it is considered ladylike to toe in and take step of about six inches, and so a Japanese maiden tottering along on her clogs toeing in with mincing steps is not lovely.

In the country the women tuck up their kimonos, leave them open to the waist, and stride along like a man.

The display of female anatomy on the country roads is a little startling at first, but one gets used to it.

Japanese towns seem to be one big department store. None of the houses are over two stories. Every one seems to keep a shop and live over it or behind it. All the trades and occupations are carried on in plain view. The fronts are mere shutters that fold up and disappear. The household economy, the bedroom, the kitchen, the babies sprawling on the dirt floor, are all in evidence; while in the front the carpenter works or the tradesman chaffers with his customers.

Buying in Japan is a matter of much debate, always courteous and apparently unending. No one asks the price he expects to receive. It varies from two to four times its real worth.

F. wanted a miniature tortoise-shell rickshaw. The owner asked five yen for it. The governor got it for her for one yen fifty. Another passenger priced a vase. It was four yen. He offered one yen for it, and got it.

We stopped in a dry-goods store where F. wanted to buy a kimono. The floor was of dirt; a platform a couple of feet from the ground covered with matting was the counter. There the merchant and his assistants, all barefooted, squatted and displayed their wares. Everything was clean, every one soft-voiced, courteous and smiling. The wrapping-paper was a work of art, the string a curiosity, and the smile and bow that went with the purchase inimitable. The Japanese bow is in a class by itself, a stiff inclination from the waist with a quick jerk backward.

F. and I were riding through Old Yokohama, and the rickshaw men invited us to stop at a tea-house. I had my doubts as to the respectability of such places, but as F. was with me I felt safe. We stopped at

a beautifully carved door, just inside of which was a platform covered with spotless matting. Three tiny maidens prostrated themselves before us with many genuflexions and "ohayos" (ohayo is Japanese for "How do you do?"), and proceeded to induce our honorable feet into huge felt slippers so that our barbaric shoes might not mar the polished floor nor soil the painfully clean matting. We went up a little flight of steps and into a room like an exquisite toy house. The floor was of polished dark wood. The walls of sliding screens beautifully decorated, and even the little finger-holes to manipulate them elaborately carved inside. In the center was a table of carved cherry-wood a foot high. We sat on cushions, or squatted, rather, while they brought the tea. I never in my life felt so like a bull in a China shop. My bulky figure in American clothes seemed so big and clumsy and awkward, I was afraid to move for fear this toy house would fall down. I was a solecism, an impropriety. I felt as one does when he dreams of being in the street in his shirt. A lacquer tray was brought in with an earthen teapot with tea-leaves in it. A bowl of hot water, two tiny Satsuma cups, priceless in our country, and a plate of little cakes of

fantastic shapes with sugar devices on them. One of the toy girls poured hot water on the tea-leaves, closed it tightly for a moment, and then poured out an infusion that perfumed the room. This was tea, strong, invigorating, and yet delicately flavored. Tea will not stand a sea voyage, however packed. It loses something of that ethereal flavor, and you drink real tea nowhere but where it is grown. The Russians know this, and bring all their tea overland.

In the meanwhile, as the young ladies spoke no English we were trying to learn Japanese. Tea is "ocha." They laughed at our pronunciation, and giggled at everything, but such a soft little giggle—just a toy giggle, like everything else. The girls were immensely interested in F.'s clothes and ornaments. They examined her rings and jewelry, felt the texture of her dress, and asked the name of everything. Investigated her shoes and stockings, and bowed and giggled over everything. Once the Doctor took two ladies to a tea-house and had the same performance. They examined everything. Finally one of them threw one of the ladies' dress to her knees, to see how far the embroidery went. Doubtless she would have gone into the lingerie, too, if the lady had not jumped up and

left. Finally, I paid the bill and carefully removed myself from the toy room without breaking anything,—had my slippers removed, and left. The last I saw the three little creatures were on all fours, bobbing and ducking and murmuring "Sayonara"—that's good-by; and one of them who had evidently learned the phrase by heart repeated her only "Ingleesh": "Will you please to have the honorable kindness to come again?"

Your first caller at a Yokohama hotel is the tailor, a half-dozen. He brings his samples, takes your measure or the garment you wish copied, and in twenty-four hours you have it perfectly reproduced at a price that seems absurd. But you must be careful about the garment you want reproduced, for he will copy every detail. If there is a patch or rent sewed up you will find it exactly reproduced in the new garment. Their work is exquisite, and the materials hardly obtainable at home.

F. got a skirt of sheer-grass linen beautifully made for less than the cost of making her American skirt. I bought some linen clothes, exact copies of my home clothes, for about the price of overalls in Kansas.

If you want shoes or anything else you need not

leave your room. A boy comes with an assortment from which you choose. The way of the East, how curious it is; and talk of conservatism, here you find the real article. The little verse at the head of this chapter is a favorite in the East:

> "A fool lies here
> Who tried to hustle the East."

The Japanese and Chinese laborers are perhaps the most industrious in the world, the business men the most leisurely. Business is a heart-breaking procrastination for Americans when they first come out here. They try to "hustle the East" when they first come out. If they stay they give it up, or else there's "a tombstone white." What is the reason for this—conservatism? Primarily, religion. The ancestor-worship of both. I shall have occasion to refer to this later, but for the present pass it with the one remark that no other religion has endured so long, influenced vitally so many millions, or today holds undisputed sway over so many of the earth's inhabitants. It is the most vital fact about these two races, and it interposes an unsuperable bar to the adoption of Christianity and accounts for the utter failure of missionary work out here.

The old way is *the* way. Superficially the Japanese are imitative.

When their government and military system broke down in contact with Western civilization in 1868, they reformed both. They have adopted Occidental government, guns and ships. They buy our machinery and use it. But when the soldier in his khaki or the man-of-war's man in his white duck goes home he strips off his borrowed clothes and reverts to the kimono. The operative in the cotton mill, tending American looms, goes back to a house whose form, furnishing and decoration are older in type than Christianity. On whose walls are his ancestral tablets with their daily offerings of food and flowers reminding him constantly of the Old Way, the way of the East.

The "awakening of Japan" is on the surface,—material, superficial. Beneath it is the unassailable conservatism, racial, religious, profound, inexpugnable.

And so the Foreign Devils who come here and succeed fall into the way of the East; life is leisurely, slow-going.

There is always time for a drink and a smoke. Competitors will not seize the business meanwhile—

they are doing the same. It is not at all the mañana" of the Mexican. They are simply doing business in their own way,—deliberate, careful, thorough. They are so old, these people. They measure their time by cycles. Their written history began when we were naked savages. A year is nothing.

An artist works ten years on a single tiny piece of Satsuma or Cloisonne. What of that? The result is perfection. In every house the ancestral tablets show a lineage older than kings can boast in the Occident.

"A thousand years is but a watch in the night."

There is so much time. If Kamamura does not finish the vase or the carving, his son will. These ephemeral Western people that come and go with their upstart religions, and mushroom monarchies, their dynasties that rise and fall, their institutions that change and decay and disappear,—what are they to a people whose sovereign traces his lineage direct from the sun, whose religion is older than the sites of any of our cities, whose social fabric goes back to an antiquity so remote that the Deluge is news for an extra and the Fall of Man, Modern History? Mere ephemeridæ, things of a day, creatures of an hour.

WATERFALL AND TEA HOUSE AT KOBE.

When the American Republic is but a name, when Macaulay's New-Zealander is sitting on London Bridge and viewing the ruins of St. Paul's, the way of the East will be the same.

We left Yokohama Thursday morning, and, skirting southern Japan, reached Kobe on the bay of that name Friday morning, and spent the day there.

There is not much to see in Kobe. It is merely a great shipping point, but its situation is wonderfully beautiful. It lies in a crescent at the head of the bay backed by great broken wooded hills intensely green. Back of the town is one of the most beautiful waterfalls in Japan, which we visited by rickshaw, dined at the Oriental, and went back to the ship in a sampan. Like the rickshaw, the sampan is peculiar to the East. It is of all sizes, but the type is very sharp forward, nearly flat-bottomed, and propelled by sculling. The oarsman stands erect in the stern, and with a wooden pin in the handle of the oar uses it exactly as a fish uses his tail. In rowing, the effort in recovering is lost motion. There is no lost motion here. The man pushes and pulls, and every motion impels the boat. It is astonishing how fast one of

these men will send a loaded sampan along. They are very seaworthy and stanch, and in them the Japanese fishermen ply their trade at fearful distances from the land. By the way, the waters of Japan swarm with fishermen, as fish is the principal diet of her millions, and these fishermen are a caste. Very low in the social scale, something like the Pariahs of India.

Buddhism, which is hardly a religious force in Japan today, was at one time strong enough to secure the abolition of animal food, and fish takes its place.

But with curious inconsistency the Buddhist who will not take animal life made the fishermen outcast because they violate the law of Buddha, but eats the fish the fisherman has killed.

At Kobe we entered the wonderful Inland Sea of Japan, one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world. It separates the southern islands from the northern group, and varies in width from places where we were out of sight of land to places where we could have thrown a stone to either shore. It has been compared to many other beautiful spots. The Swiss and Italian lakes are smaller, their hilltops covered with hoary castles or beautiful palaces, their

slopes clothed with vines and backed by mountains whose perennial snows lend a charm to an exquisite combination of foreground and perspective, unparalleled elsewhere.

The hills of Japan are rugged, not high nor awe-inspiring; their slopes lack the sophisticated charm that cultivation has given to the Rhine, Maggiore, or the lakes of the Four Cantons. The human interest, the legend and story, the historical fabric that clothes every creek and hilltop, are wanting here. It is beautiful but uninteresting. Its hills and islands, its fishing villages and tiny farms, climbing the hills or hung by stone-wall terraces to apparently inaccessible slopes, are marvels of patient industry, but they are not beautiful or interesting. It is a dangerous sea, full of rocks and islands, with swift and treacherous currents, and every sailor breathes freer when he is out of it. Our crew stood for hours by both anchors, ready to let go at a moment's notice, for there are places where a momentary stoppage of the engines would mean sure destruction unless the anchors should hold.

Just out of Moji we passed the wreck of a "tall ship," a steamer gored by a rock and sunk when but

200 feet out of her course, and within a stone's-throw of the shore.

Just at dark we entered the Sea of Japan and passed within sight of the water where Togo destroyed the Russian fleet, and saw the sun set behind that island under which with marvelous skill he hid his ships until he was ready to pounce upon the Russians. We awoke at daybreak Sunday morning in the opening of Nagasaki Harbor.

After inspection we moved up and anchored off the town. Everyone has heard of Nagasaki, as it is the chief naval station of the Islands and cut a great figure in the recent war. Besides, the principal coal mines of the islands are near here, and Nagasaki is the coaling station for nearly all lines on the Pacific. We coaled there, and the operation was the most interesting thing I have seen in the Islands.

We moored in the midst of a whole fleet of coal barges, but there was no apparatus visible to lift the coal from the barges to the ship. "Watch," said the Governor; "you will see something curious." As we swung into our moorings the crowd of barges moved into orderly array about us, stern to the ship, pointing outwardly, twelve on each side. This, which

COALING AT NAGASAKI.

with any other people would have taken unlimited cursing and quarreling, was accomplished without an altercation, each helping the other with a push here, a drag on the line there. The moment the stern of a barge touched the ship a man swarmed up a rope to the rail of the main deck. A board two feet wide and four feet long is handed to him, another joins him, and they swing this board like a painter's ladder with ropes tied to the rail just below the port-hole that is to receive the coal. Three feet below this another is hung, but this is wider and projects beyond the upper one. Another and another is strung, till the barges are reached, and then a stout bamboo is lashed to the outer corners of these steps—and there you are, a strong, steady flight of steps built in ten minutes without a nail. Still you wonder—the steps are too far apart to climb; but almost as soon as the steps are finished men and women both swarm up and station themselves, two on each stage of the ladder. Baskets without handles are passed up from hand to hand till the man on the top step empties them into the bunker. It is like a bucket brigade at a fire, only swifter and more perfect than any bucket brigade you ever saw. Each knows just exactly what

to do, and each does it. Even the children work, picking up lumps too big for the shovels. The opening of the largest bunker is on the bridge deck, twenty-five feet above the water, and half a dozen barges unload into that. I counted the baskets going up and they averaged thirty to the minute, half a bushel dumped every two seconds, not a motion wasted, not a false move, the perfection of physical effort, women and men alike.

It seems primitive and absurd in these days of steam, but the engineer tells me that coaling is quicker and cheaper here than in any other port in the world. Hand labor here is cheaper than steam, and the "Nippon" took in 1800 tons of coal in seven hours. It was a wonderful sight, the entire side of the ship covered with them, a stream of baskets ascending from each barge, never hastening but never pausing. The men are paid 35 cents a day, our money, the women ten,—the same disproportion the world over, —and the women do as much as the men; and such good-nature, such jokes and laughter, it sounds like a merry-making, and never a basket dropped or a lump lost.

Nagasaki clings to a range of hills rising from a beau-

"FAIR JAPAN."

tiful land-locked harbor. We took rickshaws, two men to each, and went over the hills to Mogi, a picturesque fishing village on the other side of the island. It is about seven miles over the mountain by a magnificent road, and I think the most interesting ride I ever took. Going up, one man pulls and the other pauses; going down, the man behind holds back with the rope.

The road winds up and up through rice-fields clean to the top. Here is Japanese agriculture at its best. The fields are tiny, some of them not over 10x30 feet. In some of them they were plowing with a bullock and a plow like the first one Abel used. In others they were cutting out last year's roots with a kind of mattock, and in others the rice was just up. There were a few patches of wheat and many gardens.

The rice-fields are irrigated from a little mountain stream that, rising far up in the hills, is led from field to field, dropping from one to another by stone conduits centuries old, not a drop wasted. We saw two horses on the road drawing low-wheel wagons, a few bullocks with loads on their backs, and countless men and women carrying baskets swung from a pole over their shoulder, the women half-naked, striding along

under burdens that would stagger an ordinary man. All cheerful, friendly, and courteous.

Their little huts perched on the hillside, with flowers all about, are models of neatness; surely they are a wonderful people, making the most of nothing, doing their work and living on less than a family in America wastes.

The road descends to Mogi through a magnificent bamboo forest, to my mind one of the most graceful trees in the world.

Everywhere greenness and cleanliness, murmuring brooks and little waterfalls, purple hills with mist-wreaths all about them, and the blue sea beyond,—a wonderful sight, with interest in every turn of the road.

We left Nagasaki for Manila Sunday night; sailed down past the east coast of Formosa, and Tuesday night ran into a typhoon. Tuesday was [illegible] day. The little breeze there was was behind us, and it was damp, sticky and disagreeable on deck and intolerable below. The air was murky, with frequent downpours of rain and charged with electricity. Everyone was cross and peevish, and when at five

o'clock the wind suddenly came out of the west fresh and strong it was a heavenly relief; but the old-timers looked grave.

The barometer was falling fast, and when at dark Capt. Filmer suddenly turned and pointing northeasterly began steaming dead slow but squarely away from Manila, we knew there was trouble coming. The typhoon is peculiar to these waters, and is the most dreaded storm the sailor knows. It is a vast tornado from five to six hundred miles across, rotary, of course; its vortex a dead calm with terrific seas, and its outer fringe always carries a heavy rain and electric disturbance, the whole body of the storm moving slowly, usually from southwest to northeast.

The aim of sailors is to dodge them or keep as near the outer edge as possible. The captain judged that the main storm was to the south of us and moving off into the Pacific. Besides, we were approaching the strait between Formosa and Luzon, and he wanted more searoom. Given that and good engines and there is not so much danger. But even a momentary breakdown for the engines is fatal. By ten o'clock we were fairly into it. There was an almost continuous glare of lightning that showed a troubled, lumpy

sea full of tossing white-caps. The wind blew first from one quarter and then another, almost boxing the compass, and sometimes cool and sometimes as hot as a furnace. The ship did not roll much, and I went to sleep. I was awakened by a terrific slatting and banging overhead, where the sailors were taking down the awnings. A little while later I was awakened again, by my table going over with a crash. The wind had ceased and just then men rushed by our cabin, closing the heavy shutters. They worked with feverish haste, calling to each other in the pitchy darkness. The engines were moving so slowly they could not be felt, but the ship was rolling violently and the wind came again. This was the typhoon, and the Lord deliver me from another. All night the wind shrieked and howled and the spray battered the front of our cabin and flew hissing past our windows. I could see nothing, hear nothing but the roar of the wind, the hammering of the waves; and the tremendous concert finally lulled me to sleep.

Day gave us a magnificent sight of angry clouds and rushing seas, a welter of green and white foam. The wind was so terrific that it really kept the sea down temporarily: whenever a wave raised itself

higher than the others it was torn to foam and the air was full of spray and flying spume. It was impossible to face it except from shelter. By night the wind had moderated and the typhoon turned southward. That night the sea got up in earnest, and the rolling and the pitching were frightful. Twice I was pitched out of my sofa bed onto the floor. In the night one of the boats overhead broke its lashings where it was swung from the davits and it seemed as though the world was coming to an end. After a long time I went to sleep, and about seven o'clock was awakened by a terrific crash forward. The steerage galley smoke-stack and three of the ventilators had carried away and were battering around the deck. The ship stopped, and a crowd of sailors swarmed out and worked desperately to close the openings.

We steamed slow for a while, and then stopped. "You'll see some fun now," said one of the officers to me; "the old man is tired of loafing and he is going to drive her." The men swarmed forward again, and removed the remaining ventilators on the forward deck, took down everything removable and lashed and relashed everything else; and then we started full speed ahead.

That was a day to be remembered; the wind had gone down and the sea come up. As a matter of fact, two typhoons had passed over these waters a day apart; we missed the second by a few miles, but crossed its track. The effect of the two was a terrific sea, not the long rollers of the Atlantic, but broken tumuli, great hills of water heaped and tossing and breaking, rising and disappearing. When two would strike each other there would be a perfect geyser of foam spouting a hundred feet in the air, and through this hellish sea the "Nippon" plunged and bucked full steam ahead. Sometimes when a sea would strike her bow, she would stagger and stop like a man struck in the face, and then the big screws would drive her into it again. The "Nippon" is very sharp forward, built to slip through the water with a minimum of force; sometimes she would cut clear through one of these hills of water and it would rush over her bows and strike the deck with a noise like thunder and go pouring aft waist-deep. Sometimes in its downward descent the sheer of her bows would flatten the mountain of water to spray. That was a sight to see, a perfect cloud of white foam rising fifty feet in the air and drenching the ship clear to the crows'-nest.

All day the lower decks were awash and the upper swept with salt spray. It seemed a miracle that this big lump of a ship, ten thousand tons weight, could be tossed about like a cork, and it seemed another miracle that she could be driven through such sea.

Well, I have seen one storm at sea. I have always wanted to, and am satisfied. This was no gale—it was the best effort of the storm king. The biggest thing old Boreas can do.

In November, 1905, a typhoon in Manila blew 110 miles an hour. The typhoon in Hong Kong last September beached every ship in the harbor, swept it clear, killed thousands of people, and destroyed property by the million dollars. To show the force of it, a big German ship had both anchors out and was steaming full speed against the storm to relieve the strain on them. The storm snapped her cables and blew her high and dry.

A French man-of-war and two torpedo-boats and innumerable other craft were sunk or blown ashore.

The typhoon season lasts from June till November, and makes these the most perilous waters in the world.

We may meet another before we leave the China Sea, but we hope not.

MANILA.

I shall be very loquacious concerning Manila, doubtless prosy; there is so much to say, so much to learn and unlearn.

Since the war was over, there has been a Great Silence over these Islands; we hear nothing, know nothing. Now and then a small news item leaks out some ray of light through the darkness, but it may be safely generalized that the average American knows more of Paris and the Congo than he does of these, our Islands.

So I hope to be excused if I write at length about the facts as I found them.

Well, the first and biggest fact about the Islands is William H. Taft. Out here his figure, which to us at home is very vague, little known,—less so, perhaps, than any other man in public life,—looms very large, almost gigantic, very familiar; a clear, distinct silhouette of the man who is bound to be a great figure in American life. The Island Government is Taft; whatever there is of good or ill in the American oc-

YOKOHAMA HARBOR.

cupation is Taft. His big thumb is on these islands. His word is law; his will is fiat; he is the beginning and the end. When the waters and the earth were parted and the world that was without form and void was created out here, Taft was It. He was the military, then the civil, Governor, and now, as Secretary of War, is more omnipotent than ever. Roosevelt leaves it all to him. He appoints and discharges Governors and Councils; nothing is done unless he says, "Let it be so." The present Governor, Smith, was a rather small California lawyer, a weak man who refers everything to Taft, a mere figurehead. He cannot appoint a clerk without Taft's "O. K." Like many strong men, Taft likes not strong men under him. Ide and Wright, next to Taft the strongest Governors we have had here, opposed Taft and lost their heads.

So Taft is the Philippine Government; but mark you, the impulse of that Government, the ideal to which it works, comes not from Taft, but from a great American who is in his grave,—William McKinley.

McKinley, who was one of the clearest-headed politicians we ever had in America when he dealt with the Caucasian mind, but knew nothing of the

Asiatic, conceived a lofty idea of our mission in the Orient. We were to take the downtrodden Filipino by the hand, raise him up, guide his tottering footsteps in the path of self-government, and finally erect a Filipino Republic. And so Taft, following this altruistic concept, has been running a kindergarten to teach the Filipinos how to stand alone and how to govern themselves; and his mistakes, which are not few, are mostly traceable to this fundamental racial mistake. For, let me say at the outset, and set it down as a fact, indisputable and not to be questioned, that the Filipino Republic is about as far off as the moon, and just about as attainable.

In the first place, there has never been a working republic, a self-governing, autonomous race within the tropics, in all the history of the world. The qualities that make for self-government, cool blood, self-control, willingness to yield to the majority, do not exist along the line. They are the products of a colder clime, more austere conditions. Our Anglo-Saxon race, with all these qualities, was at school for 2000 years before we attained self-government. Have we attained it? After all, it is yet an experiment with us, and our schooling goes on from day to day.

In short, a republic is temperamental. It is not a question of intelligence, but of character. A character that the Filipinos wholly lack, likely must ever lack. Taft knows it now. In his later pronouncements he has thrown cold water on Filipino independence, backed clean away from his earlier promises and hopes held out to them, and as a result, is to-day unpopular with the Filipinos. They are awaiting his visit in September with eagerness. He will have to declare himself, and he can say but one thing, and that is, that they must wait, wait, till we are ready. He has already said that independence cannot come with this generation, that it will take time and education; but it will take more than education, it will take a re-formation of the Filipino character. We did not learn self-government out of books, nor will they.

And this leads me to say something about the Filipino. I am not speaking from personal knowledge alone, but from the testimony of those who know, men who have been in the Far East for a generation, men of all nationalities, men who know all the races of the Pacific intimately, and they all agree that our little brown brother is the worst of the lot. They

say that he is idle, hopelessly thriftless, a liar, treacherous, dishonest, and mostly vicious. He will work only when compelled to, he will not save nor try to get ahead. He has no regard for his word, no conscience and less morality. In short, he is a "bad lot." There are two exceptions, the most savage tribes as we reckon savages,—the Moros and the Igorrotes. From all accounts they are industrious, thrifty and honorable; and the Vizcayans and Tagalogs, who are the most civilized and most intelligent of the lot, hate them accordingly.

I presume this statement will be disputed, and there are many distinguished exceptions to the rule herein laid down, Filipinos of high character; but I believe that any army officer, any business man, who has had to do with them, and particularly any employer of labor in the Islands, will confirm this statement.

So here is the raw material we have to deal with, and it is surely an uphill job. They will hold an election in September for members of the first Legislative Assembly for the Islands. It will be a lower house, the Governor and Council constituting the upper. There are several parties contesting the seats, but

A FERRY.

they center about two groups, the Independists, who favor immediate independence, and the Progressists, who are pro-American and advocate waiting and trusting the Americans. The former are promising the voters that if they win and show that they want immediate independence, the Americans will grant independence not later than October. I think the Independists will win and have a large majority. About that time Taft will arrive and something will be done.

The great majority of them care nothing about the matter. Out of nearly 19,000 qualified voters in Manila, only 6000 registered. The whole movement is confined to a handful of agitators who want office, who have a little schooling and can "orate." The average Islander, with his nipa shack, a few acres to till and a carabao, is content to be governed anyhow if no wrong is done him. Bear in mind that the God of the Far East is a God of Justice, not a God of Love and Mercy. They do not expect mercy. Mercy is to them a sign of weakness, and they despise the mercy-monger as they hate injustice. If we give them justice—and that they never had from the Spanish—they will be content.

It is nearly always some wrong, some injustice, real or fancied, that drives them to the "Bosky" and makes ladrones of them. One of them is cheated in a trade or the presidente of a town injures him in some way. He does not go to court, he has no faith in the law. He gathers his friends and takes to the bush to get even. Generally he comes back and burns the town, and kills as many of the inhabitants as he can lay hands on, or catches the offending presidente, and, in his simple childish way, fills him with kerosene and sets fire to it.

The constabulary must go out in the jungle and catch him and his friends, and those that are left after the fight are punished. Generally it will be found that they had some grievance and turned outlaw to get even. We have established courts everywhere, and our judges are high-class men. They are paid liberal salaries; the lowest receive $5000 gold a year, and very gradually they are teaching the Filipino that he can get justice, get it surely, quickly and cheaply; and so, very slowly, confidence in the law, in the justice of the Americans, is gaining, and these petty insurrections are growing fewer.

One of the most prolific sources of trouble is the

land question. The friars claim title to most of the good land in Luzon. Taft bought their claims for $7,000,000 gold, with the idea of selling it to the Filipinos. The friars had, at best, a very shadowy title, and in most cases we find a Filipino in possession who claims to own it. Generally he has no more than a squatter's title, but he has occupied it, perhaps for two or three generations, cleared it, diked it for rice, and thinks it his. He refuses to pay for it, law suits follow, irritating, expensive, and full of ill-feeling for the Government.

And this leads me to one of the severest criticisms against Taft in the Islands. They say that the Catholic Church controls him. That the seven millions was a gift to placate the church. There is an insistent rumor that he has reopened the matter of the church's claim for destruction of churches during the war, a claim rejected once, and that the claim of some four million dollars will be paid. The rumor is persistent, you hear it everywhere, and everyone believes it, but it is not "official." "They say" that it is to be done for political effect at home, to secure Catholic support. I do not believe the claim will be paid, and if it is, it will be for other reasons. They

overlook the fact that the church is the biggest factor the Government has to deal with in these Islands. It has had three hundred years of undisputed power, so long that the people, as well as the church itself, have come to regard its interference in Government affairs, its dictation of policies and appointments, as not only natural but right. It is very rich, very powerful and very arrogant. An open breach with it would make our position in the Islands even more difficult than it now is. And Taft temporizes with it, yields where he must, but avoids any ground of quarrel where possible. These critics also ignore how greatly the Americans have curtailed the former powers of the church. The power of divorce has been given to our courts, civil marriages are legalized, and so the control of the family relation, exclusively in the church till now, has been taken from it. But above all, education has been wholly secularized, and the free schools of the Islands will speedily rob the church of those lay powers that it has enjoyed through these instrumentalities. It takes the long look ahead, patient waiting for time to do its work. The critics are too hasty; they desire to move too fast.

Of course it is aggravating to know, and it is a fact,

that no man can hold a job if the Church opposes him. Ide defied the Church and lost his job. Wright fell out with the Church and lost his. While I was there a man selected for the Council, backed by every other influence in the Islands, eminently fit, was finally turned down because the Church protested.

But I believe it is the right policy for the present, however much it galls and irritates Americans.

A word as to Ide and Wright. The former is from Vermont, was some years ago Commissioner in Samoa under the tripartite government there of England, Germany, and the United States. He was a member of the Council here, and for a brief period, Governor. He is generally thought here to be the ablest American who was ever in the service. He compiled the code under which the Islands are now governed, and it stamps him as one of the greatest lawyers now alive. It is as nearly perfect as law can be. He took the best of the civil law that the Spanish used, together with the best of the common law, and for the code of procedure took the best from the code States, such as Ohio and California. The result is a model: clear, certain, compendious, written in beautiful English, it furnishes the simplest, most

inexpensive and most exact administration of justice that I know of anywhere. There is no jury trial, but the right of appeal is universal, simple, and cheap.

While I was in Manila there was a murder trial that involved very nearly the same facts as the Thaw case. A man killed the "destroyer of his home." It was shown that the accused had been intimate with his wife before marriage; that she had been intimate with other men, and that he knew it when he married her. There was no mawkish sentiment in the trial, no jury to weep and snivel and follow their emotions,—just a cold-blooded examination of the facts, that occupied two days, cost about three hundred dollars to the Government, and ended in a life sentence for the murder.

Ide fell out with Taft over expenditures. Taft wanted to do things, to spend money regardless of whether they had it or not. Ide insisted on keeping within the revenues. There was constant bickering between them, and when Taft ordered the building of the Benguet road there was almost an open quarrel. This road, by the way, comes as near being a scandal as anything we have done there, and furnishes Taft's

SHINTO TEMPLE, NIKKO.

critics with whole chapters of abuse. It runs from Dagupan, the northern terminus of the railroad, to Bagayo, the present capital of Benguet (the country of the Iggarotes), and also the summer capital of the Islands. It is an automobile road, or wagon-road, sixty miles in length, and cost over two millions gold to build and two hundred thousand gold a year to maintain. Where the money went is a mystery, as thirty-five miles of it is through a level country, merely macadamized. Twenty-five miles of it is in the mountains, a stupendous task, through some of the grandest scenery in the world. Bagayo, the capital, is 5200 feet above the sea, a healthful mountain climate where fires are needed every night, but its population is about 300 and the road at present does not benefit to exceed 500 people in the Islands. A few rich or high-salaried Americans have summer homes there, and during the hot months of March, April and May the Government sits there,—that is all.

So, say the critics, Taft has spent four million pesos and imposed an annual burden on the Islands of four hundred thousand pesos to benefit a handful of rich people. But Taft was thinking of the future.

He intended to establish there a brigade post and hospital. To so move our troops as to give each command a stay in that high altitude, to recuperate and regain its health. A sick soldier is of as little account as a dead soldier, and more expensive. There, should be a great hospital or sanatorium. Here our military and civil servants, debilitated by the lowlands, should come to regain health and strength. It was to be for the Philippines what Simla is to India; but at present there is nothing but the road over which few travel, a scandal-breeder, and the immediate cause of a breach between the two ablest men the Islands have had, Taft and Ide, a breach that never healed and cost Ide his job.

Wright was another able man, but too strong, too obstinate, to work with Taft.

The question of taxation in the Philippines is a hard one, and Wright broke his shins over it. The Islands are more heavily taxed today than they ever were under the Spanish. It sounds queer, doesn't it?—but it is true. We have retained every tax the Spanish had and imposed many others. We have reduced the poll tax, but we have added a very heavy internal revenue tax, including stamps on all legal papers,

and a land tax, a thing unheard of before. The land tax was perforce suspended for a year because all the land in the Islands was being sold for taxes, and its continuance would have precipitated another insurrection, but the tax on tobacco and spirits was Wright's hobby. Among the native members of the Council were the proprietor of the great Germinal tobacco factory and a large distiller. They fought the tax bitterly; Wright prevailed and got his tax, but they got his scalp. He was let down easy by being sent as Minister to Japan, from which he has just been recalled after a brief service. Exit Wright, exit Ide, and Taft holds the center of the stage.

One of the first question every American asked me was, "Is it true that Taft will get the Republican nomination?" "It looks that way now." "But why?" "Left to him by the last will and testament of Theodore Roosevelt." That is the only answer I could make, for without the overwhelming influence of the President, Taft would not be a presidential possibility, and yet I believe him to be the biggest man in the bunch, probably the best man for the job, but I do not believe he has any strong personal hold on the American people. If he were running here in

the Islands he would not get five per cent of the American votes outside of his personal appointees, nor would he now get ten per cent of the native vote. The Americans hate him because he has constantly and consistently adhered to his policy of the "Philippines for the Filipinos," and no American can get a job here if there is a Filipino at all competent to fill it. He has lost the confidence of the Filipinos because they took his vague assurances of independence for a promise, a promise of early fulfillment, and when on his last trip he bade them wait, they were furious. They accused him of bad faith, of treachery, and when he comes again in September every word and look will be watched and weighed.

Taft's is a personality that peculiarly impresses the Asiatic mind. He is the embodiment of physical and mental power. He makes other men around him look like thirty cents. He is firm, but gracious and kindly. He is impulsive, emotional, but back of it is a big, well-poised, judicial mind. He is suave, politic, so much so that his enemies say he is "two-faced," and for a while the Filipinos looked upon him as a saint and prayers were offered for "Santo Taft." He was the best man we could have had there at the

LOTUS POND.

start, and his mistakes have been mainly those of a mistaken policy, a policy that must be abandoned if these Islands are ever to thrive.

The threat of a Filipino Republic keeps capital out, and capital is needed to develop the enormous resources that nature has heaped up here. No man with money will place it at the mercy of a native government, and as a result, mountains, rich in gold, silver, copper, iron and coal, keep their treasures. Lands that would produce enormously of rice, sugar, and hemp and tobacco are untilled. Great forests of the finest of hardwoods like mahogany and nara, are untouched. Japan, with a tithe of these Islands' tillable land and resources, supports forty millions of people. Java, a mere speck, has thirty millions, and yields an enormous revenue to Holland. If when we took these Islands we had been wise and honest with ourselves, if we had said to the world, "We hold these Islands and we shall always hold them, hold them by the best title in the world, the title of the sword, that title by which nine-tenths of the earth's surface is held; we will give the natives justice, and such measure of local government as they show themselves fit for, but the flag shall never come down,"—if we had given

that assurance, capital would have flowed in here, and this magnificent land would be on the top wave of prosperity. Sooner or later we shall have to do it. The balance of power in the Far East, as well as the interests of the Islands, will force us to.

True, there is some capital coming. The Dagupan Railroad is rebuilding, but the Government guarantees the four-per-cent bonds they are issuing. A magnificent street railway system has been built for Manila, but the Government guarantees its bonds, otherwise these things would not be done.

Private capital to invest in sugar, hemp and tobacco there is none. Interest rates are enormous, twelve per cent on land and twenty-four per cent on personal security. "Business is very dull" you hear everywhere, and it will not be better till we assure the world that capital will be protected and not delivered over to a tropical republic.

Taft's friends say that he does not want to be President; that he has only consented to be a candidate because of pressure from within and without, from his family and his friends. He is a poor man, as wealth goes in America. His father left a very small competence, and Taft has been in public employ for over

twenty years on the meager salary we pay our public men, and has saved little or nothing. One reason that he was loath to leave the Islands was, that out of the salary of Governor-General, twenty-five thousand, gold, he could save something, while, as Secretary of War, he could not.

Possibly there is too much Taft in this, but you cannot escape him out here. His name is on everyone's tongue. With one foot in Cuba and one in the Philippines, his shadow falls athwart two oceans and his personality dominates the destinies of millions. He is very big, very human, and very interesting.

We passed Corregidor about nine o'clock, and of course had the proper thrill when we sighted Cavite. How far away it seems now, that battle, and yet it is only nine years since the world awoke to the fact that there was an American Navy, and we to the fact that we are a World Power.

But of all the surprises the East has given us, Manila is the greatest. "The cleanest, prettiest city in the Orient," that is the verdict of the Far East. The wide, shallow harbor has been protected by a breakwater, dredged till it will carry any ship that

floats. A great system of docks is nearly completed and land for warehouses filled in, and within two years Manila will have the finest port in the Orient. This is all American. Yes! we tax them, but we spend the money honestly and wisely. And then Manila! A launch takes us up the Pasig, filled with traffic, bordered with business from all the winds that blow, to a stone quay, and we get our first glimpse of the old "walled city." Built in the days of smooth-bores, it must have been very strong, with a wide moat and scarp and counterscarp, angle and bastion, but the wall's only use now is to furnish a historical setting and background for a city transplanted from the Iberian Peninsula. Narrow streets, tall stone houses, built to resist "el tremblor," grated windows and projecting balconies that suggest dark-eyed señoritas and waving fans, noisy cobblestone pavements and two-foot sidewalks, all old but clean, miraculously clean. This is where the American comes in. Not a stench, not a speck, no rubbish, no garbage-heaps, no open sewers. Not a city in America has as clean streets as Manila. None is better policed, none more sanitary. In the six months ending July 1st, there has not been a single case of epidemic disease in the

town. An unparalleled, an unheard-of thing, it breaks all records, not only in Manila, but in the Orient. No other city in Asia can equal it. The bubonic plague is epidemic now in Hong Kong and Shanghai. They have it in Yokohama and Nagasaki. Cholera and smallpox are always at work in the Far East. Manila alone is free, clean and healthy. That is American sanitation. Yes! we tax them, but we give them something for their money, and they are beginning to realize it, and no one knows what a task it has been, but those who have done it. To the Filipino filth and squalor are a natural environment. Left to himself, his surroundings are unspeakable. But the American health officer hustles him and harries him and makes him clean up, and the strange terrible tropical diseases that ran their course unchecked and slew their thousands have moved over to Hong Kong and Shanghai, and the native wonders at the ways of these Americans, who interfere with the will of God and do it successfully. But it is much trouble to be so clean, and after all, what is the use? One dies when God wills, if not of the plague, then of something else. When your time comes—pouf! you are gone and that is the end, and this cleanness is

much trouble. "Mother of God! how crazy these big Americans are."

Well! they are clean for once, and we have paid toll for it in heroic physicians who have sacrificed their lives for the sanitation of this filthy old Spanish town. Personally, I do not think our brown brother is worth it. I do not think the Islands are worth the life of one American, but we are here somehow, we have shouldered the "White Man's Burden" and we cannot in honor lay it down. By the way, speaking of our brown brother, here is a favorite song among the Americans here:

> "He may be a brother of William H. Taft,
> But he ain't no brother of mine."

Of all the races of the Pacific, I think the Filipinos are the least attractive. They are ugly—men, women and children. Their dress is a caricature. They are slouchy, unkempt, slovenly. Even the Mestizos, who have an infusion of foreign blood, are no great improvement on the native stock.

Of course at five o'clock we took a carriage and drove to the Lunetta to see and be seen. There the band plays and there everyone, "as is anyone," goes and drives around and around its oval roadway for

LAKE HARUNA.

an hour. The band is good, its director an American negro, and the scene is a gay one. Everyone wears white, and everyone, official and unofficial, is there in his best.

Such turnouts! American horses cannot live here. Occasionally an imported Australian horse survives, but seldom. So the horseflesh is Filipino ponies and the carriages calesas or victorias. The calesa is a two-wheeled affair, drawn by one horse with the driver seated over the horse's tail, and it bumps and jiggles in the most absurd fashion; and by the way, you pay New York prices for its hire. The victoria has two horses with a driver in livery, all but his feet, which are bare.

The draught animal of the Islands is the carabao or water-buffalo, an ungainly beast with wide retreating horns, an ugly temper, and a gait of about a mile an hour. He must be allowed to get in water at regular intervals or he goes crazy, and he hates the American. Four of them once stampeded a regiment of regular infantry, and one of them will make a whole company take to the trees any time.

Well! the Lunetta parade is over and we drive back to a dinner at the Delmonico, a good dinner in a

hotel that was formerly the "Casa" of an old Spanish family, with a wide cool patio, a great interior court, and rooms that are mainly out of doors.

We went shopping in the evening. All the shopkeepers are Chinese, for the Filipino has no notion of trade, and finds it hard to add two and two. Everyone smokes long black cigars all the time save when he is asleep. The clerk that waited on F. had on a pair of drawers, that was all, and puffed a big black cigar in her face. The shops are small, and not much temptation to buy. American goods are very high, and few of the native stuffs attractive. One of the complaints against the American occupation is the increased cost of living,—trebled, some say; others, quadrupled. Rents are high; wages have advanced three-fold with no improvement in the quality of labor. Where a common laborer formerly received 50 cents a day Mexican, that is 25 cents gold, he now gets $1.50 Mexican. Instead of working six days in the week as he formerly did, he now works two, loafs and fights chickens the rest of the time. Every grown Filipino owns one or more gamecocks, and the only poultry you get on the table is game chickens, too old or too cowardly to fight.

We went up the Pasig in a launch, where the monkeys chattered at us from strange tropical foliage, and the ylang-ylang burdened the air with its heavy perfume, the most lasting and penetrating of all odors.

We went out to Fort McKinley, five miles from town, where 4000 of our soldiers rust in idleness, and saw the long street of nipa shacks that leads to it, a Filipino variant of the approach to every military post the world over, where the boys dope themselves with vino and beget half-breeds.

Mainly I visited with the American expatriates, a royal bunch of fellows.

Major Bishop, of Salina, who came with the Twentieth Kansas and has seen more fighting than any man in the Islands (that is his record), is a lawyer here with a big practice, likes it, and so do his family.

Captain Haussman, of Leavenworth, is another lawyer in a large way of business. There are thirty or forty American lawyers in Manila, all apparently doing well, and they like it. They defend the climate, and the Lord knows it needs able counsel for the defense. It is not so hot, but the humidity is awful. It has been known to rain 23 inches in 24 hours. The annual precipitation often runs to 110 inches. In

1904 it rained without stopping a moment for 17 days. Manila was a lake; the water in the streets was from three to five feet deep.

The hot season is from March to June; then the rains set in for three months. The fall and winter are delightful. It is not unhealthful if one lives properly, but the continuous heat is debilitating.

Most Americans like Manila, but a significant commentary on the climate is the fact that foreign mercantile houses and trading firms, both here and in Hong Kong, contract their employés for three years' service only, at the end of which they have a year's leave to go home and recuperate. Our troops are never kept there more than three years.

I must say I felt a big surge of pride when I saw our soldiers out there. They are so big, clean-limbed, well set up. They make the natives look like a lot of rats. Even the English colonel who saw them parade at the fort, admitted to me that they were "a damned fine lot of men."

You may think I am rather dogmatic about conditions here for the length of my stay, but you must remember that I have traveled thirty days with thirty or forty of the best informed people in these Islands,

men of every condition, official and unofficial; and in the long days on the Pacific, where the Calendar is lost and Time has gone off to have a smoke, I listened to them, and heard from them the story of our attempt at Imperialism.

Allow me one more generalization. Our occupation has been a good thing for the Filipino, though we do tax him pretty heavily. His land is at peace, his life and property are safe, his towns are clean and healthy, his children are at school, and our schools are fine. He has justice and a square deal.

But for us it is simply the White Man's Burden. There is nothing in it for us but expense and the annual toll of valuable lives, sacrificed for a very poor lot of lazy, worthless beggars, who hate us and would rather kill an American than go to a cock-fight.

If we should announce that we intend to hold the Islands, take down the tariff wall, and give the Islands free trade with the United States, then there would be great opportunities to make money here and in time we might recoup ourselves.

But the argument that the possession of Manila strengthens us in the Orient is folly. It weakens us. We dare not offend Japan, for she could take these

Islands in a month. It does not help our trade in the Far East, for we are losing what little we ever had. It does not help our shipping, for we have none. Today not a single ship in the harbors of Yokohama, Manila, Hong Kong or Shanghai flies our flag, save the Pacific Mail, that is hanging on by its eyelids in the hope of a subsidy sometime.

Our little brown brother is getting all the best of it, and we pay the piper.

Before I leave Manila I want to tell you a story or two. These Islands are so rich in literary material that a writer could fill books and books with them. At the risk of forestalling a real author and spoiling a great story, I am going to tell you one or two.

I have told you something of the Governor: he is Governor Pack, of Benguet province. He was a lieutenant in the Cuban War and was at Santiago; then he volunteered again, and came out here with a Michigan regiment and chased insurrectos through the swamps and jungles for two years, and when the war was over was made Governor of the Igarrote province of Benguet, then the wildest and most inaccessible tract in the Islands. He has hunted and

trapped for the Hudson's Bay Company in the Far North. He has farmed, banked, and done nearly everything, but at heart he is a gentleman adventurer, one of the old kind, one of those who, to quote Kipling, "fought, and sailed, and ruled the world." He loves adventure for its own sake, and his comfortable home in the States and the humdrum life of Battle Creek bore him. He was sent home to die last year, after a terrible operation for abscess of the liver. No one ever thought he would live, but he did, and as soon as he was well enough, back he came to take up his work, and I had the good fortune to be with him for a month on the "Nippon." What stories! What experiences! How it broadens one's horizon to meet a man like that, who has ruled 60,000 naked savages with the power of life and death, pacified them, civilized them in a way, cut roads, built towns, explored and delimited a country as impenetrable as Darkest Africa, given those savages the White Man's Rule and taught them that the White Man can be just, and that he has gifts worth their taking.

Well! my story waits. I love Governor Pack, and when I go talking about him, I grow garrulous,—so here goes.

THE STORY OF ARITA.

In Manila there is a great stone building, known as Bilibid Prison, one of the gloomiest and most terrible penal fortresses in the world.

When the Americans took the city, it was full of all sorts, gentle and simple, guilty and innocent, malefactors, high-born men and women, criminals who deserved the garrote and patriots who deserved the laurel wreath.

While the Americano brought with one hand the sword, in the other he held the scales: Justice above all, Justice to this prostrate people who knew the word only as a vague abstraction. When the red harvest of war was reaped, the moment the mauser and the krag had ceased their bloody argument, the first thought of this strange big, keen-eyed race from across the sea was Justice, Justice for all, high and low. And so those gloomy vaults were opened, records scanned, and for most the doors swung outward, —out into the open and God's free air. But many of the records had been destroyed, no charge remained, and justice demanded punishment for the guilty, as well as freedom for the innocent, and so strict search was made in every case, that Justice might be done.

Among these prisoners was one Achdan, an Igorrote, detained four years; "cause of detention, unknown." As Governor of the Igorrotes the case was turned over to Pack. "Find out why he is here and report."

It did not take long. Every Igorrote knew the story of Achdan, Arita, Lunkai, and Martinez.

Lunkai was the widow of a head chief, overlord of some six or seven tribes. At his death she succeeded to the headship. A woman of masculine mind, strong, just and fearless, she ruled her people well and they prospered. She was wealthy, with great herds of cattle, rich coffee lands in the valleys, horses, man-servants and maid-servants. She had no children, but there were three nieces, children of her younger sister; and the eldest, Arita, was the Pearl of the Igorrotes. She must have been very beautiful, for she is known and talked of in Manila to this day. I heard a Frenchman at the Army and Navy Club allude to her as "La Belle Sauvage, the most beautiful woman in the Islands."

Arita was nearly sixteen, a full-grown woman in that clime, when her aunt sent her with a cargo of coffee to Trinidad, the Spanish capital of Benguet.

She was to market the coffee, buy the cotton, the knives, the tools and necessaries for the ensuing year, and with her in charge of the loaded ponies and the other servants, went Achdan, hapless Achdan. When they reached Trinidad, from whence in those days, carabao carts took their produce to the port of San Fernando, one Martinez, a Spanish captain, had but then been appointed Governor of Benguet, with headquarters at its capital of Trinidad. He was handsome, gallant, dapper, and above all a horseman; more, a centaur. He rode as few ride, and he rode the best horseflesh the Islands could produce. Now it happens that the Igorrotes are daft over horses. They admire above all else a good horseman. They will work for nothing over horses rather than draw a wage at any other employment.

Arita shared this passion of her race, and as if Eros had expressly designed it, she saw Martinez for the first time on horseback. Handsome enough on foot, he was a god mounted, and he rode into her heart without knocking. Straightway she fell in love with him. Love!—she loved as only a woman of the tropics, and a savage at that, can love. He possessed her, body and soul.

She sold her aunt's coffee, bought the necessaries she was charged with, and sent Achdan and his fellow-sevants homewards. She herself lingered in Trinidad to gaze her fill on Martinez. He was young, single, unattached. It did not take him long to notice this "Belle Sauvage," nor to see how matters stood, nor to come to conclusions with her. Within a week she had entered his house as his "Querida." What is that? Literally, "deary"; in short, his mistress. But not that exactly. It is something more. The old Spanish law of the Islands recognizes this relation between a Spaniard and a native. It is quasi-legal. The children inherit. It is below the wife and above the mistress. So there were Arita and Martinez, both by this time wildly in love with each other, wildly happy. Arita had a talent for music, and Martinez had it cultivated. She learned the harp and the guitar. She learned to sing, to wear shoes and corsets, to do up her hair in Spanish style, and more and more Martinez adored her and Arita forgot her aunt and her sisters and her valley home.

Of course it could not last—it never does. News travels faster in that country than you would think where there are no telegraphs or mails or even roads,

and soon, very soon, old Lunkai heard that her niece, her dearest, the Pearl of the Hills, was the "querida" of a hated Spaniard.

Forthwith, she sent four spears, *i. e.*, grown warriors, old enough to handle a spear, to capture Arita and bring her back. They lay in wait, and in an unguarded moment seized her and carried her back to Lunkai. There was no punishment, no reproaches; she was set at her old tasks, but watched. In three days she eluded them, and through jungle and forest, across mountains and torrents, by pathless ways, she rejoined her lover. Once more she was captured, once more she escaped. A third time, a fourth time, and when she was retaken the fifth time, Lunkai warned her that the next flight would be her last, and the punishment of the Igorrotes would be hers.

Still she dared, and once more, half-naked, her bare feet bruised and bleeding, returned to Martinez. Then Martinez guarded her; soldiers surrounded her when she went abroad, watched her waking and sleeping. Every Igorrote that entered the town was under surveillance. A year passed by; they were happy. Arita grew more beautiful, she sang like a thrush and played divinely. Martinez worshipped her, but

in time the guard relaxed, and Lunkai's servants, who had never ceased to watch for a moment, relieved and changed from time to time, but always there, seized her and carried her back to the mountains.

Lunkai summoned her sub-chiefs, and trial was had. Till far into the night they debated. She was their fairest, their dearest. They hesitated, but at the last they pronounced her doom.

She was bound, Achdan brought the lime, and Lunkai with her own hands rubbed it into Arita's eyes till her sight was gone. Her eyes had shown her the way to sin. Through her eyes she had fallen, her eyes had offended, and her eyes were destroyed. That is the justice of the Igorrote. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." That was all; except for this awful punishment she was treated tenderly.

Martinez missed her, but believed that she would return as before. Once more news travels quickly, especially ill news, and soon Martinez knew. He was of the cool, tenacious Spanish type. He did not rage and rave, but struck, struck as the adder strikes, without warning. He gathered his soldiers, and within an hour was on his way to the hills. Excuses for a raid on the Igorrotes were not wanting in those

days. There was always war smouldering between them and the Spaniards, and Martinez swept through their valley as a devouring flame. He burned and slew like an avenging angel. Believe me, they paid dearly for that act of Justice, the innocent and the guilty. He slew the chiefs, captured Lunkai and Achdan, and once more held in his arms his blinded beauty, more dear to him than ever.

Lunkai and Achdan were sent to the Bilibid, there to languish till Dewey came. Lunkai died shortly, but Achdan lived.

Martinez took Arita to Manila, and sought the most famous oculists without result; her sight was gone. He continued her education in music, till she became famous. Shortly after, he was ordered home and he took her with him. On the way home, he died of the plague and was buried at sea. Today Arita is a professional musician in Spain, not on the stage, but as an entertainer at private houses, at dinners and the like. And so these two principals pass from the story, and we return to Achdan, hapless Achdan.

Four years he lingered in the horrors of the Bilibid, to his free savage soul, four eternities, and then came the Governor. He had Taft's pardon, and refused an

invitation to dinner at the Palace to take it to Achdan himself. When the door was opened, when the Governor spoke to him in his own tongue, and told him he was free, he was dazed. He stumbled into the sunlight, hearing as though in a dream his native tongue, so long forgotten, and not till he was in the carriage with the Governor did he realize that he was free. And then he, this warrior, the man with three rings on his spear—and each ring means an enemy slain in open fight—broke down. He wept and groveled and kissed Pack's hands, his feet and his garments.

The Governor got him clothes, took him to a hotel, fed him and gave him a room, but when morning came there was Achdan asleep across the Governor's threshold on the floor. That morning they started for the hills, taking the railroad to Dagupan. On the way the Governor's old trouble seized him. He had a hemorrhage, and was taken to the hospital at Dagupan insensible. Achdan could not be driven away, but slept on the floor beside the cot.

When they reached Baguio, the center of the Igorrote country, Pack dismissed him and supposed the incident closed. He did not then know the Igorrote character. Achdan went away, but a week later, one

morning the Governor found Achdan squatted on his hams before the door. Achdan explained that he owed his life to the Governor, and had come back to pay the debt by taking care of the Governor's horses. The Governor told him that he already had a good groom, in the person of Bachdan, another Igorrote, whom he could not discharge without cause, and that he had no place for Achdan. Achdan listened and went away. In a half-hour Bachdan the groom came in and said he had been discharged by Achdan; that Achdan owed the Governor a debt that he must work out, which he could only do by caring for the Governor's horses, and therefore he, Bachdan, had given up his place that Achdan might keep the faith of an Igorrote and pay his debt.

No amount of discussion could change it, so the Governor finally took Bachdan as interpreter, to accompany him on his trips among his natives, and Achdan took the horses. He made a first-class groom, but would take no wages,—he was working out his his debt.

Finally at the end of a year the Governor offered him his regular wage of 120 pesos, 60 dollars gold, for the year, and told him that unless he took it his

job was done, and also advised him to go back to his native valley, get a wife and settle down. After a long argument, Achdan agreed to take half his wages, go home for a visit and see what he could do in the way of a wife.

So Achdan took 60 pesos and went home. He found a girl he liked, contracted with her father for her, and then they must have a betrothal feast. So Achdan spent the rest of his money for a fat cow and a pig; the neighbors were invited in and feasted, and the betrothal was duly solemnized. Then Achdan came back, worked another year for the Governor, took his wages, got married, built a nipa shack, bought two cows and a pony, and is getting to be a head man in his tribe. But if the Governor goes within twenty miles of that shack, he must go there to sleep and be fed by Mrs. Achdan, while Achdan once more recounts to his tribesmen how the "Chief with the white hair" saved his life.

So there is the story—Life, Love, and Death.

Some one was once telling Hiram D. a very dull, long-winded story. Noting his hearer's wandering attention, he sought to arrest it with the remark, "This is a true story." "Thank God!" said Hiram,

"there is some excuse for the story." So my story has that excuse.

These Igorrotes are a remarkable race of savages. They muster some 12,000 spears, fighting-men all. When an Igorrote kills, he puts a ring on his spear. They are fearless, temperate, honest, and industrious.

Once when the smallpox was decimating them, Pack said to one of their chiefs, "Why does your God permit this? Why does he send this sickness upon you?" The Igorrote chief thought a long time, and finally said:

"You are our Governor; you order, we obey. You make us do many things we do not understand. You make us pay a tax, lay aside our spears, cut roads, live in peace, bring our disputes to you. We do not know why, but we know you are just and wise, we trust you, and do not ask questions. Our God is more wise, more just than you; we trust him, we do not complain, we take what he sends."

Could any Christian have answered for his faith in better terms?

Well! the anchor is apeak, the last cascoe has left

the ship; our friends of a few days are overside; likely we shall never see them again, and they have grown very dear in these few days in this alien land, whose mysterious Asiatic shadow draws the American kinship so close. It is just "Howdy and Good-by." A meeting and a parting. Fain we are to linger, but may not. Cathay lies before us, dim, vast, mysterious. As we leave Corregidor behind, the short twilight of these latitudes fades swiftly and the tropic night with its velvet blackness of sky, its phosphorescent sea, its strange new constellations, is over us, and Hong Kong is yonder.

HONG KONG.

"Never the lotus closes, never the wild fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the east-wind, that died for England's sake.
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid.
For on the bones of the English the English flag is stayed."

On a wide hillside overlooking the Happy Valley and shadowed by the mighty Peak of Hong Kong lies the English cemetery, and reading there the ages of the dead, and marking the number that lie there, I realize anew the price that England pays for empire.

"Edwards Bruce, aged seven," "Chas. Albert Bruce, aged three," "Mary, the loved wife of ——, aged twenty-seven," and so on. This city of the dead already outnumbers the living, and Victoria, or British Hong Kong, is but sixty years old.

After the Opium War of 1840, England secured this island, where already there was a Chinese town. Eight years ago she secured a ninety-nine year "lease," as it is euphemistically called, on a tract of forty-five thousand square miles lying back of Kowloon, and

HONG KONG HARBOR.

her "sphere of influence" extends up the Pearl river, to Canton, where there is another British settlement, over the West river, the rich deltas and water-ways of both.

Hong Kong is a crown colony ruled by a Governor and Council, appointed from home. There are some twenty thousand foreigners (of whom only three hundred are Americans) and about two hundred thousand Chinese.

You doubt this statement, for the whole island is less than three miles long and narrow, and the town itself clings to a narrow shore against the mountain walls. However, it is true, for the Chinese occupy Hong Kong at a ratio of 640,000 to the acre. Can you believe that? It is inconceivable till you have seen it, and the Encyclopædia Britannica is my authority. After you have seen a real Chinese city, not an imitation Chinatown in America, you will not doubt it. We will discuss it more at length when we get to Canton.

I believe that I have said something about beautiful harbors before, and have unfortunately exhausted my stock of adjectives which I should have reserved for Hong Kong. You approach it through

a narrow gut between sterile hills, heavily fortified, and then the great estuary of the Pearl and West rivers opens before you, a land-locked bay big enough to hold all the fleets of the world; good anchorage; its only drawback the prevalence of the typhoon. Kowloon, the naval station, is on your right, the city on the left, on an island, and above it towers the peak, three thousand feet. Terrace above terrace, with verdure and greenness, winding roads and pathways, and at the very top the signal station and observatory of the Far East from whence they signal the approach of the dreaded typhoon. The English built Hong Kong as they always build, for time and eternity, solid, stodgy, but not beautiful.

A tramway follows the bund or "sea road" clear to the Happy Valley, a beautiful spot where the race-track is, and where they play polo and cricket and tennis and golf, without at least one of which no Englishman can live. The town is a tower of babel for tongues. Every race of the East meets here to deal and traffic. Sikhs in huge turbans police the streets, and Mohammedans with their white turbans, Parsees, Mahrattas, Afghans and Pathans. Cantonese and Manchus, Malays, Burmese, Lascars, as well as all the

races of Europe, jostle one another in motley costumes and strange speech. The universal tongue is "pidgin English," which I shall describe later.

It is the clearing-house of Asia. Every ship touches here, and in point of tonnage it is, I am told, the second largest port in the world. There were over fifty ocean steamers in the harbor, besides river steamers, junks and sampans without number. It is the great military and naval station of England in the Far East, and she keeps here some twenty thousand soldiers and sailors, and on the Peak is a great sanatorium for the invalided. The Peak is one of the most picturesque of hills; hardly a mountain, bulky, irregular in shape, and it is the home of all who can afford to escape the stifling heat of the town. The difference in temperature is amazing. In the town you swelter, and in twenty minutes, on the Peak above, you button your coat and hang on to your hat. A funicular railway takes you up about two thousand feet, through scenery and greenery in bewildering variety; and all the way up, on every buttress, jut and foothold are great stone villas, with tropical gardens and views of the harbor and the surrounding country that are enchanting. There is a

hotel, very good, at the terminus of the funicular, and there you take chairs for the Peak itself, which is still a thousand feet above you.

The chairs are of bamboo, with a green canopy top, borne by two men on their shoulders, who trot along with a jolting, bobbing motion that is good for the liver and bad for the temper. I have not been carried since I was a baby, and don't care for it. The sweat pours off the brown backs of the chair-men, the sun beats down on their bare heads, and if you have any sensibilities at all you feel for those coolies and it spoils the ride. All the way up are magnificent roads, but the horse is absent. Not one did I see in Hong Kong, except a couple of polo ponies kept for sport, not use. Everything is carried by coolies, men and women both, on their shoulders. Every stick and stone for the great barracks, these superb villas, these winding roads and water-ways, every stick of timber and furniture, every sack of lime and cement, has been lifted two or three thousand feet by coolies. Man is cheaper than the horse, cheaper than steam, but they know how to economize effort, and it is curious to watch their devices to save time. A cooly woman will start up the hill with three loads. She

carries one, say a hundred yards, sets it down and goes back for a second, sets that down and back for a third. She gets a rest walking downhill unloaded, and so gets the three loads to the top with no pause for rest, no time wasted. She swings two baskets from a bamboo pole and walks with a peculiar swinging motion that keeps the load always over the foot that is on the ground. Twenty cents a day in silver, ten cents a day gold, is the wage, and every stick and stone in Hong Kong has been carried in that way. Occasionally a heavy stone or a piece of machinery is placed on a cart, but that is drawn by coolies.

Just across from my room a great stone block is building. The stagings are of bamboo lashed together, not a nail in them. Shelters of matting keep off the sun and rain. The blocks are hoisted by hand and the work goes on slowly but steadily and cheaply twelve hours a day and no Sundays. The cooly moves slowly but he never stops. He neither hastens nor pauses.

What are coolies as distinguished from other Chinese? They are what we call at home "common laborers," if such a thing exists in America.

They are just muscle. They are born to toil, to

carry burdens, to pull rickshaws, to do the menial work, to bear without alleviation the Primal Curse. Never can they rise or change their condition. They cannot take the examinations for public employment. They and their women and children for all time must do the same. The brothels of the East are recruited from his daughters if they are comely. The others must labor as their brothers and husbands do, at labor that seems inhuman, fit only for beasts. Their rank and station is fixed; there is no escape from it. They sell themselves in far-off lands to toil that is almost certain death, such employment as the Panama Canal, for a pittance paid in advance to their families, to a father or mother too old to work. They are the most industrious, faithful, frugal self-denying class in the world. I can never look at one without a pang. They are so honest, so patient, so kindly, they get so little: why did God make them so? Their desperate poverty, far beneath anything you ever see at home, their patience, their self-sacrifice, their hopelessness, are sublimely pathetic. They dumbly and unconsciously accuse the Universe, the whole Scheme of Things as they are. Is God just? Is there a heaven for these poor creatures? Will it

HONG KONG PEAK AND GERMAN CLUB.

somewhere be made up to them? If not, there is no justice anywhere. The scheme fails and we are but the jests of an Idle God.

Some facts about the Chinese stand out with such startling clarity, they are so certain and well attested, that you cannot escape them; and one is their honesty. You may ask any man who has dealt with them and he will tell you the same, that they are the most absolutely honest and reliable race in the world. A Chinese merchant will commit suicide if he cannot meet his obligations. He will suffer any loss, he will sell himself into slavery rather than fail of his word. China is the only country in the world that has no law for the collection of debt,—needs none. This statement rests not upon a preponderance of the evidence: it is unanimous; there is no dispute about it. Every man in the East will tell you that he had rather deal with the Chinese than any other people in the world. They are slow in a bargain, they weigh every penny, but their word once given, that ends it. You need no bond, no guaranty; he will die before he will shirk one jot of his promise. Those who deal with the Japanese demand an iron-clad bank guaranty and watch them besides. With the Chinese, the

naked word is enough—no writing, no bond, just his word. I could tell of a hundred stories I have heard that illustrate this; stories of loss and suffering borne uncomplainingly as a matter of course in the fulfillment of a contract. Just this morning the United States District Judge for the District of Shanghai, in a suit between two Americans and a Chinese, where the evidence rested solely on the word of the Chinese disputed by both Americans, gave judgment for the Chinese, and in doing so said: "It is a well-known fact that Chinese merchants and business men are honest and trustworthy and faithful in the performance of their obligations under their contracts."

Certainly it is a great thing to have established such a reputation with all the nations that deal here, so that the word of one of them is taken by an alien judge against that of his countryman. So that Chinese has become a synonym for honesty. No little thing, that. "Better is a good name than great riches." The Chinese has it. He is no fool; he is just as acute, as far-seeing, just as shrewd at a bargain, and he has more honesty than any of the people who deal with him; and there he holds an advantage. In the long run he will get his own again.

He is recovering his own trade, and he will retake Hong Kong and Shanghai some day as he has retaken Macao. All over the East the cashiers are Chinese. Even in Japan, in banks and hotels, the boys who handle the money are Chinese. Not only is he honest, but he is the swiftest and most accurate accountant in the world. He can count money faster than the expert teller of a New York bank; he can compute as rapidly as a machine, and he never makes a mistake. He has a natural head for figures, and some day he will be what the Phœnician was once, the merchant of the world. He knows the game, he has patience, courtesy, he can figure a profit closer than a Jew or a Scotchman. Inch by inch he is regaining his trade, by reason of these qualities.

Whence comes this superlative honesty? Confucius, some say. But it was there before Confucius. It is racial, like the laziness of the Filipino, the shrewdness of the Yankee, or the color of the Negro. Confucius was one of the most practical of the world's ethical teachers. You hear it said that Confucius announced the Golden Rule long before Christ. Not so. One of his pupils suggested it to him, and he commented on it ironically that it was very fine but

very difficult to attain. It is written that way in his books. Certainly he was a great man, and he remains today in China the greatest ethical force. Buddhism for a while swept over China and obscured him, but his books are today the Chinese classics. His Book of Rites, prescribing the forms and ceremonies of Chinese life, is the authority. His wisdom, his maxims, are the rules of Chinese morality, and more than that, Korea and Japan have sat at his feet. The Testament of Iyeyasu, the first of the great Tokagawa Shoguns, one of the most remarkable documents of the world, akin to "The Prince" of Machiavelli, is filled with maxims from Confucius. Confucius crystallized and codified existing Chinese morality, social observances, Governmental systems and rites, gave reasons for them, enforced them, so that they remain today unchanged, with all the force of law. He enforced Ancestor worship, already a cult, and so made it a part of Chinese life that it will never be extinguished. Buddhism prevailed in China and Japan, only by compromisng with this religion, by engrafting Buddhism upon and amalgamating it with Ancestor Worship, by fully recognizing the duties and rites of this religion. The Jesuits had great

success in both China and Japan, so long as they tolerated this worship. Indeed, they became in Japan a national danger.

But the moment Pope Clement at the instance of the Dominicans forbade further toleration, Christianity failed, the missions languished, disappeared, and the Christian propaganda in the East has made itself felt since, only as a forerunner of invasion, an incitement to violence, an excuse for territorial robbery. No one can even dimly understand these two peoples, the Chinese and Japanese, without knowing something of this religion, as I have said before, the most ancient, widely spread, permanent and influential cult the world has known. In Japan it is "Shinto," "the Way of the Gods." In China it is loosely called Confucianism. I propose to sketch it briefly, and perhaps imperfectly.

When the parent dies, he does not go to some dim far-off heaven, forgetting in its joys the concerns of earth. He lingers about his home. He becomes not exactly a God, but a "higher power." He can help or hurt his family. He can bring good or bad fortune. He can influence the elements, bring timely rains, prevent earthquakes and pestilence. He must

be propitiated by offerings. Before his tomb in China are placed flowers and tiny offerings of food, and joss-sticks are burned. In Japan these offerings are placed before the ancestral tablets in each home. It is no longer thought that the spirit needs food, but it is pleased, propitiated by the remembrance. It follows the fortunes of the family, aids it if pleased, injures it if its rites are neglected. It is always present, watches all that is done, knows all that is thought, and its worship must be done, its tablets handed down, and the rites performed in the male line. If there be no son of the body, one is adopted who can keep the house, the tablets or the tomb, and perform the necessary rites. Unhappy the man who has no son to bring the Water of the Dead to wash his corpse, and lay the rice flowers before his tomb. Hence polygamy. If the first wife is childless, a second is taken to bear a son, a third or a fourth. Hence the undesirability of female children, and the infanticide, that blots the Chinese character.

If due attention is paid to these ancestral rites, these higher powers will surround the family with benign influences, avert misfortune, and bring health and happiness. In short, it is a sort of family spirit-

ualism. Confucius merely expands it, codifies and ritualizes it.

A profound belief in the existence and immediate presence of a host of ancestors who know the deeds and thoughts of their living descendants, who are pleased and propitiated with filial observances and upright conduct, and offended at wrong-doing, must inevitably and deeply affect the life and conduct of the believer. He cannot sin secretly, for they know all. If he fails of his duty toward them, to his family or his people, they are offended, their help is withdrawn and misfortune follows. This week the Imperial family are offering prayers at the family tombs, to avert a drought in North China. They account for all misfortunes and sorrows by some failure of these observances, some lapse from duty. It is very real, very present, perhaps the most intimate religion in the daily life of a people that the world knows. It is persistent. Buddhism and Taoism have swept over it for a time, but it has survived both, and Confucianism in China and Shintoism in Japan are the state religions, the religions of the people. Buddhism profoundly influenced both races. Its temples are everywhere in both countries, but today its altars are

deserted, its shrines abandoned, and the Old Way has conquered. But it is not alone to the dead parent that such worship and affection are due. The living claim it. With us love flows downward. We love our children, and they love theirs. With us parental love is stronger than filial. With the Chinese it is the reverse. Love flows upward to the source of life. No crime is so dreadful as parricide. No offense so great as neglect of one's parents. There are innumerable instances of coolies who sell themselves to exile in some foreign land, to toil that surely means death, for a pittance to support the last years of a father or mother too old to work.

In an account of the official career of a man just appointed as Governor of one of the important provinces, it was noted that in 1890 he resigned a lucrative appointment in Pekin to attend upon his mother in her declining years. At her death he was reappointed, but he spent four years in waiting upon her alone. It was entirely natural here, but how often would it occur with us? It follows, too, that the authority of the parent is supreme. The mother selects the wife. The father is the absolute master of the son. In both countries the family government is supreme,

CHINESE PUNISHMENT.

unquestioned, and, as I shall later show, it has affected Japanese life as profoundly as Chinese.

We made our headquarters in Hong Kong for ten days and excursions from there to Canton and Macao. Aside from the heat it was delightful, as we made many charming friends among the English and Americans.

American trade in the East is languishing. It has never recovered from the boycott of two years ago. We at home never knew how serious, how effectual it was. From Shanghai to the Straits, no Chinaman would buy a penny of American goods. The Sperry Flour Company, the largest exporters of American flour, lost 75 per cent of their trade and have not yet recovered it. For thirty days the Standard Oil Co. did not receive a single Chinese order. It gradually relaxed, but it was nearly the deathblow to our trade. Our shipments have fallen off in the last two years, while the English and Germans have gained steadily. One reason for this is that Americans will not take the trouble to condition their goods for the foreign market. To sell in China, goods must be prepared and packed in a certain way, and in packages that a cooly

can carry. We will not do this. Our home market is so great, so profitable, that we do not care for the foreign market; do not think it worth while to take this trouble. The English and Germans study the trade and its requirements minutely, and go to any amount of trouble to satisfy it. As a result, we get only what they must buy from us and cannot elsewhere. Clocks, sewing-machines, railway material and machinery they must have from us. Another reason is that they send their best men here, we send our poorest, and this is particularly true of our consular agents. Our consular service out here is a joke with every one. A bunch of second-rate politicians, without experience or fitness, with no knowledge of trade and commerce.

A conspicuous exception is the Standard Oil. They send their highest-priced men out here, and have built up a wonderful business. They are everywhere. At Canton I saw a big six-thousand-ton tramp unloading oil into a great tank station. There is a great storage plant at Hong Kong, another at Shanghai, and they have broken ground for a big refinery on the Yangste above Woosung. The engineer in charge of it was number two engineer on the great

Nile dam at Assouan, Egypt, a C. E. with a world-wide reputation. That is the kind of men they hire. I was told that they have on the water *en route* for the East right now, eighteen steamers loaded with crude and refined oil. While we are chasing them out of Arkansas and Missouri and Kansas, they are occupying the rest of the earth. I have no doubt that when Peary discovers the North Pole and goes waltzing up to raise the Stars and Stripes he will find a Standard Oil tank-field, and a bunch of Standard men convincing the natives that "Superior Water White Oil" is better than blubber.

They say here that in ten years the Standard can contemplate the home market with indifference, for they will have the rest of the world,—no competition and no anti-trust laws. It is the only American enterprise that is making headway out here. They are building refineries all over the East, because it is impossible to ship gasoline so far; labor is cheaper, and the by-products bring more. Soon nothing but crude oil will be shipped here.

The Americans in Hong Kong celebrated the glorious Fourth at the Standard Oil offices, a whole floor of the biggest office building in the town, a celebration

that consisted chiefly of champagne punch. I have seen it before, but I never saw it mixed in a bath-tub. All the English were invited, and there was a bath for all; and besides, a bucket brigade of coolies passing champagne from hand to hand like water-buckets at a fire. Everyone sang "My Country, 'tis of Thee," English and all, and occasionally the Standard Oil boss, who looks like John D., would let off a bunch of Chinese firecrackers, each one of which makes a noise like a thirteen-inch gun. I shall not forget that celebration for a while, nor how my head felt on the 5th.

Hong Kong at night is like fairy-land. The favorite way to cool off is to take the Kowloon ferry and cross the bay a couple of times. From Kowloon the view is a dream. The water-front is outlined with blazing shop-fronts and godowns, and from this crescent of fire the city arises tier on tier, thinning out till only the villas remain, each aglow with light; and far, far above, sometimes above clouds of mist, gleam out the great arc signal-lights of the Peak. One of the world's great pictures at night is Hong Kong; I have never seen anything more beautiful.

Well, the "Hansui" is waiting. Yonder lies Canton, seventy miles away, in the heart of Old China.

We are done with Hong Kong, and from the big promenade deck we watch the flare of its lights die down and down till they disappear and the cool wind blows from off the rice-fields. We are in Cathay.

CANTON.

It was a considerable city two thousand years ago, and its authentic history dates back so far. For more than a thousand years it has been the most important town in South China, and is pure Chinese, body and bone, as distinguished from Pekin, which is Manchu, the race of the conquerors, a branch of the Kin Tartars, from whom Manchuria takes its name.

The Ming or "Bright" dynasty, the last of the Chinese emperors, was overthrown by the Manchus about the middle of the seventeenth century, and they have since held the throne. The present Emperor, Kuang Hsui, is childless, nearly imbecile, and, as everyone knows, that extraordinary woman Tsi An, the Dowager Empress, born a slave, rules while the Emperor plays with American clocks or amuses himself in his abundantly stocked harem.

The Yangste river is the dividing-line: south is pure Chinese; north, Manchu. In Canton we shall see a city purely Chinese; nothing else save the soldiers and policemen, who are Manchu. In Pekin we shall

A WATER STREET IN CANTON.

see nothing but Manchus, save a few officials. The Cantonese are the merchants and traders, the Manchus the warriors. Confucius was from the south, and his abhorrence of war, contempt for soldiers, and admiration for the arts of peace, have stamped all South China.

In the south has always been great disaffection toward the reigning family. Here the Taiping rebels made head in 1860, held Nanking and Old Shanghai and all the south, and practically divided the empire in half. Had it not been for Ward and Burlingame, two American adventurers, who organized the Imperial forces into the "Ever Victorious Army," and Chinese Gordon, who later commanded and led it to victory, there would probably be two Chinas today. Gordon, a Christian fanatic, a very great man, made his reputation before the walls of Nankin, and gave his life at Khartoum, a victim to the bitter prejudice and cowardly foreign policy of Gladstone.

By the way, how many of my readers know of the vastness of that Tai-Ping Rebellion, that bloody drama of internecine warfare that worked out in China almost without notice by the world? When I tell you that in that war, lasting less than three

years, more blood and treasure were sacrificed than in our War of the Rebellion and the Russo-Japanese War combined, you will get some idea of what a vast country this China is. More than twenty million lives were sacrificed in that one war. Whole cities were destroyed and every inhabitant massacred, and yet so vast is the population of China, so great its resources, that the ravages of that gigantic conflict were more speedily repaired than those of our War of the Rebellion.

We reached Canton by a magnificent river steamer from Hong Kong in the early morning, and after breakfast on the boat, found our guide Ah Kow awaiting us. Not only is it unsafe to go through Canton without a guide, where the anti-foreign feeling is intense and bitter, but it is impossible. I defy any European to find his way in that Chinese city. You think because you have seen Mott street in New York or Chinatown in San Francisco, that you have seen a Chinese town. Bah! They resemble each other as much as a pimple and a cancer. With our guide were chairs for the party, for the streets are so narrow that not even a Chinese wheelbarrow is used there. You

must be carried in chairs, three bearers to each, including Ah Kow's, a very gaudy affair with screens and gauze curtains while ours are plain and open, and to my solidity are allotted four stalwart fellows. We make quite a procession, the four chairs and thirteen bearers, as we leave the wharf, and plunge into the sunless streets of Canton,—three Americans to two million Chinese, every one of whom hates us and would be glad of any excuse to mob us. Not very pleasant to think of. And how shall I describe the town? Hereafter when I have the nightmare I shall dream of Canton.

A narrow river of yellow faces, with shaven foreheads, faces hostile, sinister, sardonic, sneering at the Foreign Devils. Tall houses, narrow streets, three to four feet wide, overhead screens of matting to shut out what little sunlight might penetrate these gloomy alleys. Fantastic signs in green and gold and black, with strange hieroglyphics, waving banners and grotesque lanterns; a babel of raucous, guttural voices babbling strange, meaningless sounds, our chairs swaying and bobbing above the current of this endless river of inhuman faces, threatening any moment to be submerged and overwhelmed; ten thousand

stinks and stenches, strange condiments, fish, flesh and fowl, monstrously dressed and displayed, thousands of human ants busy at unguessable occupations, and over all an Inferno of heat. Heat such as we never know,—close, humid, compounded of a tropical sun, old sun-baked walls, and the emanation of thousands of swinking bodies. A heat that is like a pall from which there is no escape. Never a breath of fresh air, an open space, a tree, plant or flower,—ever the same endless, narrow ravines filled with sweltering inhumanity. To add to my comfort, prickly heat had broken out on me that morning, from my heels to my hair. It was as though I was enveloped in one large comprehensive mustard-plaster instead of clothing. I looked like a prairie-fire and felt like a fly-blister.

Canton is famous for its porcelain, embroideries, silks, muslins, and above all for Mandarin coats, just now the fad for ladies' evening wear. So our first errand was to the shops, and for four hours I sat in my nice warm mustard-bath while A. and F. tried on Mandarin coats, pawed over silks and embroideries, priced jades and ivories, and invoked all the gods of womankind in admiration of the bargains, while Ah

Kow, an old hand, smoked endless cigars and smiled. Such bargaining. "How much for this coat?" "One hundred forty dollar" ($70 gold). Ah Kow would light another cigar. "You like him, Missee?" "Yes." "Seventy dollar." Then the merchant would explain that it meant ruin to sell for less than a hundred. He would have to sell his wife and daughters. Ah Kow would smoke and reiterate monotonously, "Seventy dollar." Then we would start to leave and the price would drop "Ninety dollar," "Eighty dollar," and then just in the street with a gesture of despair, the merchant would fold it up, take his seventy dollars and go back to chuckle over his profit. A Chinese would have gotten it for fifty or sixty.

But after all the prices are amazing. Embroidered grass-linen dress patterns, exquisite in design and workmanship, for twelve dollars; that would be fifty at home. Table sets at a fifth of the home price. Hand-woven silks, "like wrinkled skins on scalded milk," yet firm as iron, for fifty cents a yard.

F. is perhaps the worst bargainer imaginable with these people. She would pick up a plate. "How much?" "Twelve dollars one dozen," fifty cents apiece gold. Then she would turn to me. "Do you

know what we pay for these at home?—two and three dollars a plate." Mr. Chinese hears her, and there goes my bargain a-glimmering.

He sees at once that we are suckers from U. S. A., where money grows on bushes and the streets are paved with gold, and we get soaked accordingly. The lowest price is usually set in the street and just before we enter another shop.

Well, I admit that these Canton shops are a great temptation; such beautiful things those patient, ill-paid artisans turn out, so astonishingly cheap. The moment an American woman reaches here she is seized with Dementia Shoppiana. You can tell from the wildness of her eye, the way her lips mutter calculations reducing Mexican dollars to gold. She is unconscious of the flight of time. Life and death, home, friends, even her personal appearance, are forgotten in Frenzied Finance, and the Devil of the Bargain Counter posesses her wholly.

But there are other things besides shops. We saw the Buddhist temple of the Five Hundred Gods, —500, count them,—each gilded and smiling vacuously at the Foreign Devils just as he has smiled for

WATER CLOCK, CANTON.

six hundred years, till their gilt is tarnished, their worship forgotten, their altars deserted, and only one toothless old bald-headed priest remains to show their faded glories for a trifling tip and explain the names and attributes of these forgotten deities. One surprise, seated among these imaginary gods, ruffed and bewhiskered, is the counterfeit presentment of an old friend, old man Marco Polo, over whose book I pored more years ago than I care to remember. He who was the first European to visit the court of Cathay, some six or seven hundred years ago. The Khan loved him, and had his statue placed here. Esteemed the Boss Liar of his time for many hundred years, later travelers confirmed him, and while his wooden statue has slowly lost its gilt and his worship has faded here, his reputation at home has been cleaned up and Marco is one of the immortals. I felt like shaking hands with him. It was a breath from the Long Past.

Then we went to a real Chinese temple, where are sixty gods, one for each year of the Chinese cycle, and the true believer burns his joss-sticks before the god that stands for the year of his age. When he has run the gamut of the sixty he starts over again at

number one. A very comfortable worship. No picking and choosing among the saints for your patron, and doubting if you ought not to go to some other. It is all laid down by rule.

We "tiffined" on the city wall, far above the noisome city, where we could look out over the green countryside, and see the tombs, the far-off hills, the winding rivers and canals, and get a breath of fresh air. We saw the great nine-storied pagoda that dominates the city, and far off the Roman Catholic Cathedral,—the Old and the New. Just why the pagodas are nearly all nine-storied, not even Ah Kow could tell. We saw one on the river between Canton and Macao so old that a great cedar tree fully fifty feet high was growing from its top. The city wall of Canton is much like that of Manila, a Middle-Age structure still mounted with smooth-bores and guarded by a great moat that is given over to the cultivation of celery now. We ate our lunch brought from the boat, in an old tea-house, where the Mandarins of the city come for their tiffin, bring their food and cooks, and get drunk on tea. We bought tea for ourselves and "chow" for the bearers. Five cents apiece it cost me, and they ate so much they

could hardly waddle. They had carried us five hours, up and down hills and stone steps, through tortuous streets, dodging loaded coolies, setting us down and taking us up with much grunting and many gutturals; and when they got the remnant of our ham and chicken and lychees and bananas they came and kowtowed to us as though we had given them a feast. Poor devils, so patient and good-natured, and when night came and I paid them off, their regular wage of twenty-five cents of our money and then gave each one five cents for a tip, they camped before the hotel for an hour, in hopes of another job.

Really I grow sentimental over these coolies. They are the downtrodden of the most downtrodden people of the world. Everyone abuses them, tramps on them, looks down on them, speaks to them as I would not speak to an American dog, and they bear it patiently, and yet they are human. "Man made He in his own image." How often we forget that in the Far East. No wonder they hate us. Some day they will rise up and cast us out. We take their land; we override and trample on them, desecrate their tombs; and mind you, "the tomb of his fathers," is not an empty phrase with these—it is the most sacred

thing in the world. We send them missionaries to give them a religion they don't want, and when they reject it we make that an excuse to steal some more land. They have their faults—God knows we all do. Their system of human slavery is a blot, but it is not so long ago that we had it, and theirs is much more humane than ours was. They are cruel about some things, but they had a complex, highly organized civilization when we were naked savages.

Some day the Big Man will come and China will Wake Up. When she does, look out. Already the leaven is working. We passed four newspaper offices, printing on American presses, Chinese newspapers. In every store were newspapers and men reading them. The press is comparatively free here—much freer than it is in Germany, for instance. The finest building in Canton is a newspaper office, native, and every one above the cooly class can read and write. They are thinking, discussing, criticizing. The Mandarins are accountable now as they never were before. The Giant is beginning to turn over in his sleep and ask what time it is. Four hundred millions of them, just as brave as anyone if they are led. The most industrious and frugal people in the world. Here is

the Yellow Peril, not in Japan. Japan has shot her bolt. Like a squab, she was biggest when first hatched. She is poor. She cannot long maintain her armament. She will pass, but China is rich, richer than we dream of, in money, resources, and, above all, people.

Just as we were leaving the tea-house after tiffin, came some twenty Mandarins, the civil and military officers of Canton, giving a farewell dinner to their Supreme Judge, who is retiring, a magnificent-looking old man. And believe me, there were some fine faces among those Mandarins. Big, clear-eyed, stately men, recruited, mind you, by the most strenuous system of civil-service examination in the world from the commonalty. Hereditary titles and honors are few in China. Nine-tenths of her officials come from the middle class, raise themselves by merit and superior mental power.

Tsi An by imperial decree has ordered that China shall have a Constitution, a Parliamentary Government. What do you think of that? Is not China waking up? It is not to be this year, but just as soon as the suggestions that have been asked for from every class can be collated and analyzed and put in

form. The material is ready, and within five years China will be measurably self-governed. Oh, that old Tsi An is a great woman. She reads the times, and China is today a thousand years ahead of Russia in the intelligence of her lower classes and the virtue of her higher.

Well, I did not intend to talk Chinese politics here. I will do that when I go to Shanghai, which is the Copeland County of China.

We descended once more to the city. We saw the City of the Dead, a beautiful place, where the better class are kept till their tombs are ready, or sometimes till transport can be had to their native tombs. We saw the great Mandarin coffins hollowed from a single log of teak or cherry, beautifully polished, and before it the ever-burning joss-sticks and the rice and flowers. And we saw the Water Clock. Ever hear of it? I did when I was at school some sixty or seventy years ago. I think it was an illustration of hydrostatics or biology; I don't remember now. It is in a lofty tower over the principal street of the city. A stone receptacle permits four drops of water a second to fall into a stone tub, in which there is a float

NINE-STORIED PAGODA.

with a brass graduate fixed to it. As the water fills the lower tub the graduate rises and marks the flight of time by hours. Every two hours the attendant sets out a great announcing-board, with the hour on, and Canton's two millions take their time and appoint their tasks by that. For six hundred years this simple mechanism has ordered the daily life of the Cantonese. But like the Buddhist gods, its day is done. Every store has an American clock, nearly every household. Here, as elsewhere, "the old order changeth."

And finally, after pricing more jades and things, we left Canton for the Shameen, the English concession on an island, separated by a narrow canal from the old city. There we found an English hotel and dismissed Ah Kow and the coolies. For myself, I crawled into a hot bath, tried to soak off the heat-blisters, doped myself with talcum powder, got into my pajamas, and on the wide cool veranda of my room sought to forget my troubles.

Certainly I deserved a martyr's crown. If, when I reach the Pearly Gates, St. Peter shall ask me what conspicuous thing I have done to deserve admittance, I shall promptly answer, "I shopped all day in Canton without cussing once." That ought to get me in.

Job is a back number. He may have deserved some celebrity in his time, but I have taken his place. I ate my dinner as nearly as possible in the costume of our First Parents, and was happy. Captain C. of one of our gunboats called on us, and we had a delightful hour with him. What a cracking fine set of fellows our naval officers are! They are about all that save our face in the Far East. People that can turn out such big, clean-limbed, well-set-up, clear-headed chaps as they must amount to something, so the foreigner thinks; and he is right. They play too much poker and drink too much whisky, but so do most people out here. But their ships are the prettiest, trimmest, best kept, their jackies are the finest-looking, and the Old Flag is the most beautiful banner the winds ever blew. It makes you choke up and get kind of lumpy in your throat when you see it above one of our big white ships out here. It stands for so much, and if you have any piety in you you thank God you were born an American.

Well, we sat on our veranda and watched the water-faring folks of Canton,—another city, by the way. There are two million people in Canton. It seems incredible, for from the great five-storied watch-tower

on the city wall you can take it in at a glance, but they are there, and there is another million who are born, live and die on the water. They swarm like flies, and breed about as fast. They live on their boats. They never touch foot to the ground save on necessary business. The land folk do not intermarry with them. Ah Kow says, "They are low people, very low." They are a pariah caste. They navigate the vast internal system of water-ways that intersect this part of China with innumerable shallow ducts. They supply Canton with food and take away its products. They carry fowls and pigs on their boats, they are homes and shelters for them, and there they marry and breed, live and die. I think I said there were no wheeled vehicles in Canton, nor outside that I saw. You strike not even a country cart till you reach Shanghai, where you first see the one-wheeled Chinese barrow built for the two-foot roads, the only ones China has. Every particle of food and drink for two millions of people, all they use, wear, work with and manufacture, and all the offal and garbage of a great city, are carried in and out on the backs of men and women. All they consume and produce and throw away is "toted."

One thing I learned in Canton, and that is to do without water on a hot day. All that boiling day I drank nothing, except some tea at tiffin. Do not smile—there is nothing stronger than tea to be had in Canton. The water comes from wells, that are little better than sewers. No one but a Chinaman could drink it and live. This old, old land, swarming for thousands of years with a teeming population, is infected, every inch of it, with the feculence and decay of humanity. More than that, night-soil is the universal fertilizer here. Not a particle is wasted. There are no sewers. All is carried out by coolies to be spread out on the land. It follows that Europeans do not eat Chinese-grown vegetables. In fact, Dr. Strong, head of the Philippine biological laboratory, assures me that lettuce in the Far East is positively deadly to a white man. No one eats it. Talk of bacteria—you can't get away from them here. Naturally, epidemic diseases are as common as a cold at home. Wherever Europeans locate they organize their own settlements, with a water-supply, sewerage, and garbage removal, and so they live here. Not one European in a hundred can live in a Chinese city. Thousands of years of it have some way fortified the

Chinese constitution to it; they are in a way immune. In Manila even, no one drinks anything but distilled water. An American city that used Canton water would have a perennial epidemic of typhoid, but the Chinese do not. They have the bubonic plague, the Black Death of the Middle Ages, most of the time, but it seldom affects Europeans. Cholera occasionally, typhoid very seldom.

Well, I was talking of the water life of Canton. One of its features is the Flower Boats, where girls are bought for sale and entertainment. These boats are great barges with two- and three-story structures on them, beautifully fitted up in Chinese style. It is always cool on the water, and here dinners are given and flower girls sing and converse for the entertainment of the guests. These girls are bought when young, and especially trained to entertain men. They are taught to converse, to amuse, to sing. They are often bought as secondary wives by rich Chinese, or given as presents to placate a great official. One was sold for twenty-five hundred dollars gold while I was in Canton. They are slaves pure and simple, but it is gilded slavery, with no hardship, and according to their notions it is all right. I could tell some queer

stories I have heard about these boats, but this stuff has to go through the mails. Most of them come from the lower classes, but not necessarily. For instance, the other day the Governor of a province with an unpronounceable and unspellable name was assassinated while visiting a school, by its head-master and founder, a man of education and property. It was believed to be part of an anti-monarchical plot, for there is quite a party of that faith in China. The assassin was arrested two days later and instantly beheaded. His wife and daughters were sold into slavery, his two sons above sixteen decapitated, and his two younger sons made eunuchs for the royal palace. That is Chinese justice.

By the way, I had nearly forgotten the Execution ground where Cantonese criminals are beheaded. It is a long, narrow inclosure, in ordinary times a pottery. When there is head-chopping to be done the pots and shards are set one side and the official executioner does his work. We met him, a placid, benign-faced, middle-aged man, who has himself beheaded more than a thousand men. Think of it!—as many as thirty criminals have been decapitated there within an hour. When there is a big batch it takes

CHINESE PIRATES, IN SECTIONS.

several headsmen. Ah Kow explained that it was "belly hard work, make him plenty much tired;" that about four was the limit of a day's work for one executioner. The victim is forced to kneel, a man pulls the queue forward to expose the neck, the short sword falls with a drawing motion, and the head rolls on the ground. They never bungle it as they did with Sir Walter Raleigh. It is clean-cut and artistic. Last September the thirty-one Kow Shing pirates were beheaded there, and this narrow strip of ground has soaked the blood of thousands. You see we are back in the Middle Ages here. Piracy still flourishes. A month ago a band of them seized an English tramp and looted her, but let the crew go. I have some pictures of there things that are very realistic. I may have the happy fortune to see one of these killings. In fact, if I were a big gun I should be sure to, for the Viceroy is a kindly man, and will have a couple of heads chopped off any time to gratify a distinguished visitor.

Well, we watched the river-boats light up with Standard Oil kerosene, in lamps made in the U. S. A., and half the night they chattered and made it hideous with guttural noises.

My dinner tasted of Canton. It took me two days to get rid of the taste of those smells. They had soaked clear into me, and not till I reached the kindly shelter of the Boa Vista at Macao did I really relish my meals. We will go there next.

GOLDEN CRESCENT OF MACAO

MACAO.

"Gem of the Orient earth and open sea,
Macao, that in thy lap and on thy breast
Hast gathered beauties all the loveliest,
Which the sun shines on in majesty.

"The very clouds that top each mountain's crest
Seem to repose there lovingly.
How full of grace the green Cathayan tree
Bends to the breeze; and now thy sands are prest

"With gentlest waves that ever and anon
Break their awakened furios on thy shore.
Were these the scenes that poet looked upon
Whose life, 'though known to fame, knew misery more'?"

How many people know where Macao is? I had heard the name vaguely. I knew that it was somewhere in the East, and that Camoens wrote there the "Lusiad," the only great poem by a Portuguese. As soon as I left San Francisco and began to get acquainted on the ship, I heard of Macao. "Don't fail to go to Macao." "Why?" "Because it is the gambling-hell of the East, the unique gambling establishment of the world."

That was all—just the gambling. No one who mentioned it seemed to have observed that it is one of

the most beautiful spots in the world, an old Portuguese town, that was a well-built city before Jamestown was thought of; that it marks the first European settlement in China; that it has nearly every advantage possible of situation, climate, and quaintness. That is the way with travelers: we most of us see but one thing, the aspect that attracts and interests us. There is an East-Indian story of three beggars, born blind, who desired to know what an elephant was like. So they were led up to an elephant. One of them happened to grab the elephant by the tail, and exclaimed, "Why, an elephant is just like a rope!" The second had butted into his side, and he asserted that an elephant was exactly like a brick wall; while the third, who found his trunk, declared that an elephant was shaped like a serpent; and they fell to blows over their opinions.

Most people go through the world blind or half-blind. They see but one thing out of many, one side, one aspect. So these men who talked to me had seen the gambling side of Macao, nothing more.

We left Canton in the morning to take the river-ride by daylight, through vast fields of rice, a busy

river, filled with junks, sampans and steamers, with innumerable creeks and water byways leading off in every direction, and at four o'clock came in sight of the rocky island of Macao. From the river or an estuary of the sea—for it is all tide-water here, clear up to Canton—it is a rocky islet, some five miles long and a half-mile wide. There are three high hills, one of which is crowned with the first lighthouse ever built on this coast, the middle one with the old citadel, that in its day resisted two attacks from the Dutch and many from pirates, and the third by a magnificent hospital, just below which stands our hotel, the Boa Vista. At first sight its beauties are hidden, but when I stood on my veranda at the Boa Vista, at the very extremity of one horn of the four-mile crescent, and saw at my feet the tiled roofs and many-hued façades of this old Iberian city, older than any in America, the crescent sweep of golden sand, backed by the sea-wall, the wide Praya, the exquisite gardens, the noble hills, the enchanting vistas, the soft Old-World charm that broods over it, I forgot about the gambling and what I came to see. Macao the beautiful is enough. F. says that only Naples is more beautiful. A. says that it lacks

but little of the beauty of Nice, and its situation is much like both. So you may take the word of these gadabout ladies that Macao is one of the gems of the world. Its history is curious. I have no books of reference at hand, and I may get my dates mixed, for I got most of it from the Portuguese manager of the hotel, whose English is as picturesque as his island. I know enough Spanish to read Portuguese signs, and I was reminded of the story of the old lady who was bragging of her son. She said he went to Portugal and studied Portuguese for three months and could speak it as well "as any Portugoose in the lot."

In the early part of the sixteenth century, I think about 1520, two Portuguese sailors from a shipwrecked vessel floated to this island. They stayed here and won the confidence of the Chinese. Portugal was then at the height of its power and brief glory. Its daring navigators and hardy sailors were the first to round the Cape of Good Hope and open the first sea route to the Indies. They established trading stations throughout the East, at Goa and elsewhere, and brought the stuffs, the silks, the ivories, the spices and gems of the East to Lisbon. The trade was enormously remunerative. For nearly a hundred

years Lisbon was the entrepôt of the Eastern trade for all Europe. Of course others followed, the Dutch particularly; but Portugal was the first. She speedily followed the discovery of these shipwrecked sailors.

Macao is in the center of the great delta of the Pearl and West rivers, admirably situated for trade with the great city of Canton, to which they were also the first Europeans to be admitted, and they very speedily obtained a cession of the island, built there a fair city, named it Macao, and strongly fortified it. Within thirty years they had established factories up and down these rivers, with their capital at Macao, and when Camoens was sent here, about 1560, it was then a considerable town, well built in Portuguese style, with a well-ordered government, a strong force of soldiers, and a gallant and polite society. Here Camoens wrote the greater part of the Lusiad, which has been translated into every tongue, and remains the only important Portuguese contribution to the literature of the world. When Portugal was absorbed by Spain, the destructive genius of Philip Second of Spain, he who lost the Netherlands by his bigotry, joined to the power of the Inquisition, reduced the

Portuguese to impotence, destroyed their energy and initiative, and other nations speedily wrung from them their trading-posts in the East. But through it all they held Macao with a death-grip. The Dutch attacked it twice in the sixteen-forties, but were beaten off. England has occupied it twice, to keep the French from taking it when Portugal was too weak to hold it, but from the traditional friendship between the two countries returned it, and it remains today Portuguese ruled by a Portuguese Governor, policed by Portuguese soldiers, their last, lone outpost in the East, the monument of a "dying nation" that bade fair once to outstrip Spain in colonial conquest.

Strange tales these old walls could tell of fierce conflicts, where the gallant soldiers of Old Portugal in morion and breastplate fought the swarming Chinese pirates, or stood off the sturdy Dutch. Today the Chinese have reëntered and taken their own. Portugal's trade is gone. The Chinese have it all, and there are some eighty thousand of them on the island. They make silk and cement and cigars; they gather here the products of these rich valleys in their native boats for the big world's steamers at Hong

THE "BOA VISTA," MACAO.

Kong, just below. They have everything save the nominal lordship of the island. A Chinese syndicate has the gambling concession and the lottery, the biggest in the East, the one that Taft drove out of Manila. The lottery pays the Portuguese ten thousand dollars a month, and the gambling-house pays a thousand dollars a day for its license, besides the tax on its property. These sums run the city—run it as no other city in the East is run except Manila. It is beautifully clean, swept and garnished every day, well policed, healthy and salubrious. In fact, it is the summer resort for all this coast. It is always cool here, even when it is sweltering at Hong Kong. The cool wind always blows, and in the winter fires are grateful, but every sort of tropical vegetation flourishes, and I have never seen such gardens. The garden of Camoens is the sweetest spot in the Orient. His "grotto," where he wrote the Lusiad, is on a hill back of the official palace of the Governor, formed by a great rock, imposed by nature upon two granite plinths where the sun never enters, but the cool breeze always blows from the sea. Here is set a splendid portrait bust of the Immortal, surrounded by tributes in a half-dozen languages, engraved on

stone tablets, one of which, by Dr. Bowrig, in English, heads this article.

The hilltop has been landscape-gardened till it is a dream. Winding paths beneath the shade of the Cathayan tree, the bamboo, the pumeloe, the baobab and the banyan turn and retreat, cool and shaded, with here a glimpse of the sea and there of the land or the town. On the very crest, nature has made a natural platform, from which you can see the whole island, and here is a great stone summer-house, so old that a banyan tree a hundred feet high has completely encircled it with roots, and even penetrated every crevice, and slowly disintegrated the solid stone and cement. The banyan is the most curious tree in the world. It grows upside down or any way. A little tendril starts from a bough far up the tree. Apparently it intends to be a bough, but it may change its notion, start downward, and, wrapping around the trunk in bewildering convolvuli, become another root; or it may drop straight to the earth, there to strike root and start another tree, part and parcel of the parent. So the aged banyan becomes a whole forest in itself. Its leaf is beautiful, its shade dense, and its vagaries unendingly interesting.

Long we lingered in that enchanting spot, surrounded by every beauty that nature and art conjoining can give, and all so old that the cement walks are clothed in long green moss, the marble balustrades wrapped and enfolded in the embrace of trees that are centuries old. A riot of greenness and bloom and fragrance, strange shapes and stranger flowers, a Mediterranean garden set down here in Asia.

There is the beautiful Praya, a road along the sea backed by houses of every color and architecture. Here it is Spanish with latticed balconies. There a front that is purely Greek, another with Moresque columns and sharply pointed arches. They are orange and cream and brown and green, softened by time to a chromatic harmony.

There are great public gardens, beautifully kept, where the band plays at six o'clock and everyone rides out to show himself. And then back to the Boa Vista, the best hotel in the Orient, built and run by the government, where we had the best meals I have tasted since we left God's country. It stands two hundred and fifty feet above the water, with terraced grounds dropping to the sea, as I have said, at one horn of the island crescent. At night, when the town is

illuminated and rises in broken galleries, each with its lights, it is almost unreal in its beauty. Its only fault is it is too stagey. You expect the curtain to drop and show you where to buy shoes and where to get your supper when the show is over.

Of course we went to the gambling-house, which, as I have said, is unique. In the first place, it never closes its doors. The game runs day and night the year round, and the "chairs never get cold." It is the only house in the world where there is no limit, high or low. You may bet five cents or ten thousand dollars. Any bet is accepted, and cashed if you win. It is the only gambling-house where the bank has never been broken. Somewhere within its labyrinths is money enough to meet any sort of a run of luck against any table. There are eighteen tables in the house, all about alike, and fantan is the only game played; and by the way it is nearer on the level, is the squarest bank gambling-game I ever heard of. The room is large, with a long table, about which are seated some thirty Chinese. There is an upper gallery above the table where most foreigners go; so that it is really two stories. There are two croupiers and a cashier for each, at opposite ends, and one dealer.

Surely it is a curious sight. As we seated ourselves in the gallery where we could look down on the table, a boy handed me a Manila cigar and a plate of water-melon seeds, which every one munches as the play goes on. Next to me sat a fat Portuguese woman, who was playing hundred-dollar bills from a roll big enough to choke a cow, and winning. Next to her was a Chinese woman with her two daughters. All of them smoked cigarettes constantly and kept tab on the winning numbers, occasionally venturing a small bet. On my left was an aged Chinaman, with a keen, aristocratic face, who smoked a water-pipe and watched the game, but was not playing. Below were old men and young, gray and bearded merchants and boys not out of their teens, high castes and coolies touching elbows in their devotion to the Blind Goddess. The croupier at my end was a gigantic Chinaman with an enormously fat stomach, naked to the waist, and glistening with perspiration. The one at the other end looked like a death's-head, with long fingers like talons. Back of each is the cashier, with great piles of silver and stacks of bank-notes, which no one is allowed to approach. No money is left on the table. Your money is tossed to the cashier, who

stacks it up and the croupier represents your bet by brass counters placed on the number you choose. Before each cashier is a card six inches square, each side of which represents a number from one to four. You can play a single number; if you win, you get four to one. You can play a combination of any two numbers, and if one of them wins you get two to one. You see the odds are exactly even. The bank gets eight per cent out of every bet; that is all, but it is enough. That steady drain of eight per cent in the long run gets it all. It is like the "kitty" at poker, which will in time absorb all the chips.

Each player has before him a tablet and pencil, on which he records the fall of the numbers, and each apparently tries to play a "system" of his own. You hand your money to the boy, "one dollar on the two and four." He throws it into a basket hung from a string, and with a dexterous flirt drops it before the cashier and sing-songs in Chinese your numbers. The croupier, apparently without looking at it, throws it to the cashier and drops brass counters on the numbers. When the bets are numerous, he spreads out little short slips of ivory, with your bet on the proper numbers. Sometimes the brass counters cover a space

CITADEL AT MACAO.

two feet square. There are twenty or thirty bets before him, but he never makes a mistake. There is never a dispute. His big fat fingers seem to have an intelligence of their own. He picks up a stack of brass counters, running his finger down the stack without counting, and sets the exact number down. Finally the bets are made. The dealer picks up a handful of brass discs, each with a hole in it, and throws them on the table, fifty or sixty, covers them for a moment with a brass cup, and then with a pointed stick begins to draw them out, four at a time. He separates four from the pile, with a swift certain movement spreads them so that everyone can see that he has drawn out just four, no more or less. Again he draws out four, until only four or less are left in the pile and the number left represents the winning number. If four remain, four wins. If you have bet on the four you get four times your bet, less eight per cent; if you have bet on the two and four you get double, less the bank's eight per cent. But the marvel of it is when the settlement is made. The cashier tosses out the cash for each bet, with lightning rapidity and absolute certainty, computing and deducting the bank's percentage from thirty dif-

ferent bets, ranging from ten cents to a hundred dollars, the croupier verifies the amount, apparently with his fingers. In a moment the table is cleared, everyone paid, and the game begins over again. So there is the game of fantan, the simplest, squarest gambling-game ever invented. There is no chance for anything but a square deal, no dealing-box or hold-out or crooked roulette wheel. Its fairness appeals to everyone, and people come here from all over the East to gamble, as they go to Monte Carlo. English and Americans from Hong Kong run over and spend Sunday, ostensibly for a rest and to cool off in this delicious air, but they sit up all night and day to play the game. We saw them coming in rickshaws to catch the five o'clock boat, having sat in the game till the last minute. Four friends of mine came over Saturday night, and I figured out that between them they dropped about five hundred dollars Mexican. But in the main it is the Chinese who support the game. They are said to be the most desperate gamblers in the world. They gamble away all they have, and finally sell themselves into slavery to pay their gambling debts. They gamble away their wives and children, but the Romans used to do

that, and I think the American Indian is about as bad. That reminds me: I used to know an Indian, Jim Buttermilk, who lost his squaw in a curious way. He was playing poker with another Indian, and was about broke. Finally he picked up a big hand and bet his squaw on it before the draw. The other Indian promptly saw his bet and raised him two squaws. Jim had only one squaw and couldn't call the bet. Had to lay down his hand.

Coming over on the ship the Chinese in the steerage were gambling all the time, with cards, dominoes, dice, and curious little black and white beans. I saw a punkah boy in Hong Kong pulling the string that sways the punkah fan with one hand, and gambling with three other boys with the other. None of them were over ten years old.

But after all, gambling is universal; every race, white, red, brown, and yellow, gambles and has gambled from the beginning of time with every sort of an implement and on every sort of a chance. Everyone remembers how the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, lost eighteen thousand guineas on a ten-mile race between a flock of turkeys and a flock of geese. The Prince backed the turkeys, each

to drive his own birds. His opponent put up a brace game on the Prince. He selected five o'clock in the afternoon for the start. The turkeys romped away from the geese, but when sundown came the turkeys went to roost and no amount of poking could get them down. The geese, who sit up all night, kept on and won.

Billy S. tells of a friend of his who came out West and lost seven thousand dollars playing croquet. I do not vouch for the truthfulness of the story or of the author. In fact, I think it improbable, but not at all impossible. For there is the school-teacher in Alton who lost twelve thousand dollars playing slot machines, and had to go to the poorhouse. The Associated Press sent this out, and the A. P. always tells the truth, except when it reports Roosevelt. This story sounds improbable. In the first place, how would a school-teacher get twelve thousand dollars unless he broke into a bank? And again, if he had twelve thousand dollars, why would he teach school? He would be like the Tennessee mountaineer who conceived the idea of buying a sawmill to cut up his timber. He wrote for prices, and the firm offered him a first-class sawmill for four thousand dollars

cash. He wrote back: "Mister, if I had four thousand dollars cash, what in the name of God would I want of a sawmill?"

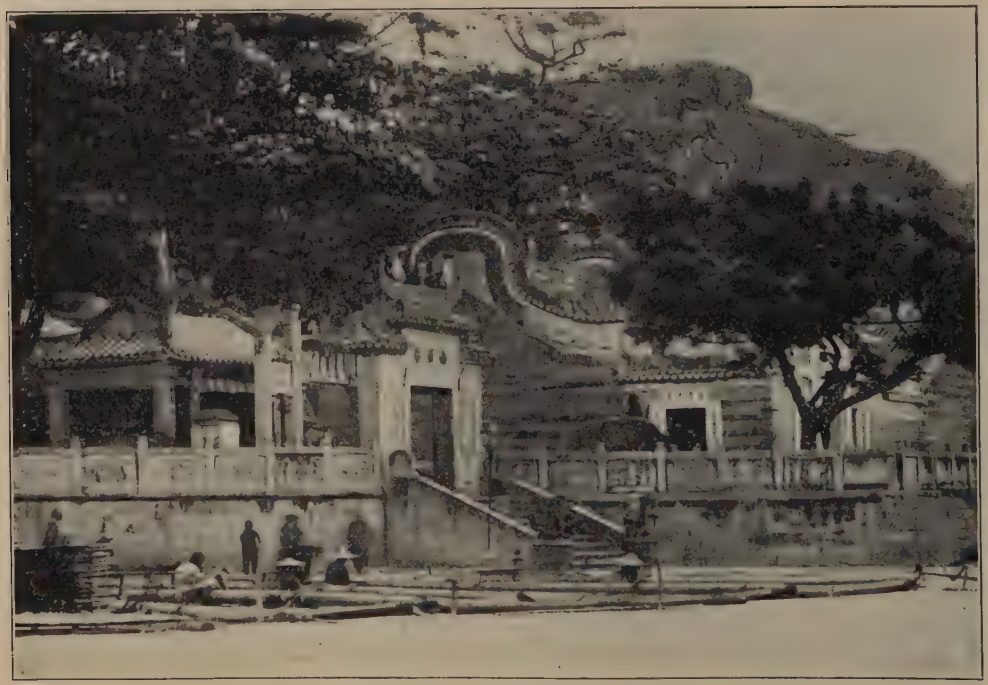
The element of time might at first preclude belief in this story, but here is a fact that I know myself. Every one in Avalon, Catalina Island, knows "Uncle John." He has money to burn, and his favorite way of burning it is on slot machines,—not for money, but drinks. A certain saloon in San Francisco, which I shall not name, because I am not paid to advertise it, has framed and hanging on its wall a written signed and sealed acknowledgment that it owes Uncle John sixty thousand seven hundred and some odd drinks, won out of its slot machines. Uncle John doesn't care for the drinks; his friends are slowly but surely working out the debt, but he just likes the game.

So the school-teacher story may be true.

Buck O'Neill, of Arizona, once bet his amethyst mine against a Prescott hotel on the Corbett and Sullivan fight, and won, but the hotel people welshed, and refused to pay.

Two friends of mine were in Chicago once, both devotees of the National Game. They went to the

theatre, and one of them picked up a dollar bill that some one had dropped. When they went out they stopped in for a drink. The man with the dollar bill handed it to the barkeeper, and when he got to the door found he had four dollars and seventy-five cents in change. The barkeeper had mistaken it for a five. They decided that they were ahead of a bar for once, and they would stay so. On the street they decided that it was "lucky money," and went to a faro bank to try it. They won forty-four dollars with it, and quit. Then one of them, who was a horseman, decided that it was still "lucky money," and that they would go to the old Garfield race-track, then run by Corrigan, and chance the whole of it on the longest shot they could find. They went out and there was Bucephalus, we will call him, odds fifty to one. They decided to put their money on him. Just then a race-horse man who knew them came along and talked them out of it. He convinced them that B. couldn't win unless all the other horses dropped dead, and so they finally put their money on the favorite. Behold!—there was a bruising start. The horses were half an hour at the post. The thoroughbreds wore themselves out scoring, and the plug romped home



A MANDARIN'S HOME AT MACAO.

with the money. If they had stayed by their luck that casual dollar bill would have converted itself into twenty-two hundred dollars in twenty-four hours. No wonder those who fool with games of chance are superstitious.

The lottery here is the biggest thing in the East. It pays a capital prize of twenty thousand pesos, ten thousand dollars gold, is drawn every month, and its tickets are sold all over Asia. It flourished first in Manila, and when Taft drove it out of there, it removed to Macao, where the Portuguese will let anything in that has the price. I should judge that this is a real "wide-open town." But the proprietors of the gambling-house, who pay three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars a year gold, insist on a monopoly. No one else can skin suckers but they, the duly licensed. You wonder where the money comes from, and what the total business must amount to when eight per cent pays this enormous tax and big dividends.

I lost one dollar and eighty cents Mex. just to pay for my entertainment. I never thought I could beat the other fellow at his own game. It is curious that

none of these foreign games have ever taken root in America. Nothing flourishes there for any length of time but the native game of draw poker, probably because it requires more sense to play it than any other. Any fool can play baccarat, rouge et noir, roulette, or any of these foreign games, but it takes a knowledge of human nature, nerve and skill to play the National Game. It has gone everywhere, and I find that it is everywhere considered the king of games. The high-class Chinese play it, and play it well. The English try it, but none of them play well.

Speaking of poker, a friend of mine has a curious theory of economics. Many political economists claim that the measure of prosperity in our country is the price of pig-iron. When pig-iron is high, times are good, and *vice versa*. Others say it is the price of wheat. The Bryan school used to say it was the price of silver; that if we wanted to make times good, all we had to do was to boost the price of silver by Free Coinage at the Heaven-Born ratio. My friend claims they are all wrong. Says he: "The true measure of prosperity is the price of a white chip in the poker game." "Now," he says, "I remember along in 1890 when Benjamin Harrison of blessed memory

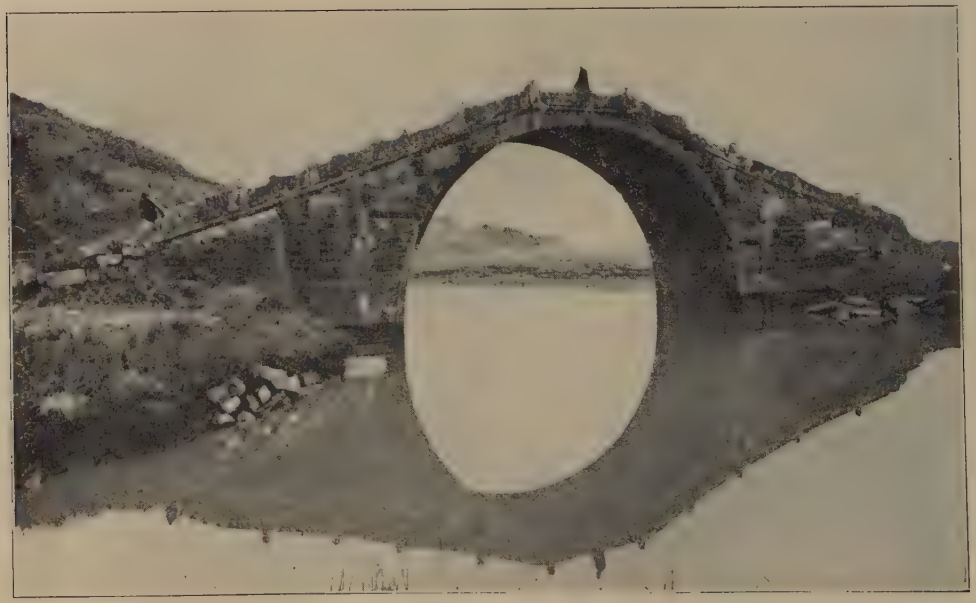
was President, the price of a white chip at the Copeland Hotel was twenty-five cents, and a good demand. Everyone was busy, times were good, labor employed, factories running; in short, Prosperity with a capital P. Then we got to running off after false gods. We elected Grover Cleveland President. The country went to the bowwows, till after four years of the Stuffed Prophet a white chip in Topeka was worth only five cents and few takers,—practically no demand. The white chip rose and fell with the country's business, or rather the business rose and fell with the white chip. Now," says he, "look at it. This past winter in Topeka a white chip was worth from fifty cents to one dollar, with a good demand, and the market closed strong, say about March 15th, with every prospect of a good demand and higher prices."

There may be something in my friend's theory; we may yet live to see Dun and Henry Clews publishing tables from the various cities of the United States, showing the ruling prices for white chips instead of the present deceptive "price units."

Macao is a lovely place, fair and sweet and clean, entrancing but for this Devil of Gaming. In the

hands of the English or the Chinese it would be stopped, but Portugal is too poor to foot the bills; she has lost her grip. With a certain measure of pride in her past glory she still clings to Macao with its romantic history, and makes of it a plague-spot, a snare and a pitfall for all the fools in the East. It should be the summer resort of this coast; with its fine hotels, its splendid climate, its beauty and bloom and fragrance and charm, it should draw the best from Singapore to Vladivostok, instead of which, it draws the worst. It preys upon all classes, sucks the blood of the rickshaw cooly indifferently with that of the rich and high-placed. It battens on vice and ruins its votaries, yet sits in beauty and smiles across the summer seas a true siren to lure men to disaster.

Our time is up. The "Nippon" is loosening from her buoy. Our Hong Kong friends are there to bid us good-by and drink a stirrup-cup, and we are off once more. The ship somehow seems lonely. Ah Wing, our dear, faithful Ah Wing, quit the ship at Hong Kong, and we have a new cabin-boy, but we miss that China boy sorely. The English Colonel has gone southward to his fever-ridden camp in the



CHINESE BRIDGE, WHANG POA.

swamps of Rangoon. Dr. Strong and his wife have gone on their long trip on the Roon to Berlin, where he is a delegate to the great International Congress of Medicine,—a worthy delegate, I assure you, for that new colony of Manila to send. The worst of this trip is the partings. We have made so many dear friends on the trip, made them only to lose them, to meet and part, friends we would like to live and die with. I shall be glad, how glad, to see the old ones again, for after all they are best. We have reached the limit of our journey. From here we shall be moving toward home, a little nearer every day; it sounds good.

SHANGHAI.

This is the Paris of the Orient. It is the largest foreign settlement on the coast, the best built, has the best shops, and is the center of a vast trade. It lies on the Whangpoo, a creek that flows into the Yangste twelve miles below, and thirty miles from the ocean. I call the Whangpoo a creek, but it carries the deepest ships that float, and has a land-locked harbor twelve miles in length.

It is a "Settlement." That is to say, it is owned by China, not by any foreign power; titles come from the Chinese, but it is governed by the foreigners themselves. Twice England had a chance to have secured absolute title to it, but let the chance slip. England owns Hong Kong; here she is only a settler, along with Germany, France, and America. Each has its consular court, and in addition both the American and British have regular courts and judges, the process running in the names of the respective countries, and ours is known as the United States Court for the District of China. Controversies between Americans,

CHEAP PIETY.

or Americans and Chinese, are settled in our court. It has many manufacturing interests, among them the largest flouring-mill in the East, and has an immense foreign trade. This morning's shipping news shows fifty-one ocean-going steamships in harbor, of which, by the way, twenty-eight are British. Britain has not lost her ownership of the sea yet, though the Germans are making terrific inroads on her. You may take ship here direct for New York, for all the South-American ports, including Buenos Ayres, for Genoa, Marseilles and London, for Manila and Australia,—in fact, to nearly every deep-water port in the world. It has two English newspapers—papers, let me say, not newspapers; I cannot grant the title of newspaper to any English publication. I believe that if an Englishman were to open his morning paper and find anything less than three days old, the shock would be fatal.

Your Englishman likes his news like his game, a little bit "high," a trifle tender and smelly under the wing. For instance, take a paper like the London *Times*. There is a change determined on in the Ministry; some one is going out, some one coming in. The *Times* will announce in a guarded way, that such

a change is impending, "a-namin' no names." The next day it will state "on the highest authority" that the change is not to be in the office of Home Secretary. The next day it will state "from a source that cannot be questioned" that the change is not to be in the office of Foreign Minister. So by a process of elimination it will lead up to the fact, break the news gently, and finally, after its readers are fully prepared, after every one knows all about it by word of mouth, it will tell the fact and the Horrible Truth will be revealed: likely Second Assistant Private Secretary to the Under Secretary of the Board of Trade, or something equally as important. So an English daily is a series of essays, a weekly paper issued in daily installments. English papers out here are no exception to the rule. But they ought to be gold mines, for they are nine-tenths advertising. If they get anything for the ads., life ought to be one Long Crimson Sunset.

Take, for instance, the *North China News*, one of the most important and influential papers in the East. It is a twelve-page, seven-column paper. The first page is wholly ads.; so is the second, the third, the fourth, and the fifth. Not a line of reading matter

on any of them. Finally, on the sixth page, at the bottom of the last column, you strike a "leader." A heavy, solid editorial, finely written, on some current topic, that runs over onto the seventh page and takes up about two columns. Just one—no editorial paragraphs at all. On the seventh page is one brief column of cable news, mostly unimportant, another of Native Affairs, one of Notes and Comment, clipped, and two or three columns of correspondence, *i. e.*, communications,—for the True Briton has a heaven-born right to exploit his grievances in the public prints. Then there is a lot of dull stuff from the courts. They print the most unimportant law suits with a wealth of detail that would put the New York papers on the Thaw trial far in the rear. They tell all the judges say, and the witnesses, and the lawyers, and the full text of the judgment. It saves brain-fag for the editor. And finally on the ninth page will be another essay, clipped from some English weekly paper, some two months old. Sometimes there is a column of clippings from American newspapers. Altogether there are, out of the eighty-four columns, just thirteen of "pure reading matter," of which only two columns can be classed as news. I

could run that daily with one hand, and without any assistants whatever. The advertisers don't seem to care about being "positioned." Very few of them are next to "poor reading matter." (That was a slip, but let it go that way,—it is poorer than it is pure.) Their ads. are all lumped together anyhow, jumbled, not classified, and the worst written ads. ever. No attempt to attract attention or boost their goods. "Messrs. So-and-So beg to announce that they have just received a consignment of Blank's Baby Food." That's all. They remind one of the small boy whose father sent him down town to sell a bag of sweet corn. He came home with the corn unsold. His father asked him why he did not sell it. "Darned if I know," said the boy; "two or three people asked me what I had in my bag, and I told them it was none of their business." Their goods are there, you ought to know it, and they wait on you as though they were doing you the greatest favor in permitting you to buy any of their justly celebrated stuff. We wouldn't call it advertising at home, but it goes out there.

By the way, speaking of newspapers, Manila has two, or rather three—two evening and one morning. The *American* is morning, the *Times* and *Cable* even-

CHINESE BOATS.

ing. The *American* and *Times* are owned by the Speyers, who built the street railway in Manila and are trying with considerable success to get a first mortgage on the Islands. The *Cable News* is owned by its editor, who is the Bill White of the Philippines. He is always raising hell about something, and with considerable success. People out there seem to rely on it more than the corporation-owned *American* and *Times*. While I was there they were bluffing each other over which paid the most cable tolls for foreign news. Offering to put up one hundred pesos to back their claims, all of which sounded very familiar; but as a matter of fact I could pay the monthly cable tolls of both of them without straining my letter of credit much. Most of their cables are faked, guesses that have to be denied later.

There are two Shanghais. Old Shanghai, an ancient walled city, native, pure and simple, that is a thousand years old; and there is what we think of as Shanghai, which consists of the various foreign settlements. The former was held by the Taiping rebels in 1860 for nearly a year, but they were wise enough not to disturb the foreigners, and it is much

like Canton. We spent a forenoon there, saw the sights, smelled the smells, and as before, I was sick for a day; couldn't eat anything that did not taste Chinesey. Curious how that smell gets into me. My very clothes seem to breathe of it. I have to come home, take a hot bath, and change everything. I like the Chinese individually, but in the mass, in their own environment, I had rather meet a family of polecats. However, we did our duty; F. looks after that. If I overlook a bet on the table in this matter of sight-seeing it will not be her fault. It is queer, a little fragile woman that can't sweep a floor without breaking down will take a big husky man and wear him to a frazzle when it comes to "seeing things."

F. has priced everything in China so far, and if she thought she had overlooked a piece of jade or a dress pattern she would start over again. Every morning when I am figuring on having a nice quiet forenoon to sit down and talk to "Gentle Reader," I am reminded of something we have not seen. It is exactly like four million other things we have seen, but it must be viewed just the same.

One thing I did get in Shanghai: I was prayed for. It cost me twenty cents Mex., and the High Grand

burned a bunch of sampans made out of silver tissue paper and kowtowed before an extremely ugly god, I think the ugliest one in the bunch. I wonder if that was a compliment to my appearance? I did not want to, but F. said it was the thing to do; it might bring me luck; the guide said it would. You can't afford to overlook the chance of getting luck for ten cents. F.'s religion is taken from her environment. In Rome she had the Pope bless a rosary, and she treasures it devoutly. Out here she never overlooks a temple or joss-house if she knows it. In Japan she is Shinto, in France Catholic, in England Established Church. Somewhere out of the bunch she ought to get a Hereafter ticket that is properly punched.

But old Shanghai is Canton in little. Streets three to four feet wide, tiny shops, everyone working at some trade, and everything massed by occupations. The fan-makers are here, the jewelers all together yonder, furniture-makers in another place. It is not so bad till you strike the streets where they prepare and vend the food; then, Heaven help you! The same innumerable population massed and crowded. I have tried to account for this terrific congestion in the China cities. Originally it was probably

to escape robbers and pirates that infested the open country, but it is mainly the enormous price of ground rent. As in all old congested countries, and this is the oldest and most congested, land is almost unpurchasable. Streets and wide spaces, public gardens and breathing-places cost too much. Rents are enormous, and must be subdivided to the last limit, by piling up.

So, as I have said, you have never seen China Town in America, because there they move into streets that we have laid out, houses we have built. You don't get the Chinese atmosphere. That escapes, while here it is carefully retained so that you get all of it, mostly through the olfactories. The foreign part of Shanghai is beautiful. It flows down both sides of the Whangpoo, which is crossed by numerous bridges, splendidly built, with structures that would be a credit to any city in the world.

Here we struck friends. F.'s sister has been out here for sixteen years and her husband has been here twenty-eight years, one of the oldest residents among the foreigners. I find that the longer foreigners have lived here the more pro-Chinese they are. They seem to stand acquaintance. Our people get used

IN THE "KANGUE."

to them, like their ways, swear by them. The Doctor has a Number One Boy that has been with him for twelve years, who runs the whole house. By the way, there are no head waiters in this country. Everything goes by number. Number One Boy runs the dining-room. There is Number One Hall boy, porter, and so on. They even carry it into business. I heard one man speak of another as having been his Number Two for three years. Those who have been here long insensibly fall into "pidgin." They all use it. For instance, I heard one Englishman ask another, "What fashion pidgin b'long that chop dollar face man?" That sentence requires rather a long explanation. "Pidgin" is as near "business" as the Chino can pronounce it. When the foreigners came here, they were not allowed to land; they dealt over the side of the ship. The foreigner could not learn Chinese, and the Chinese showed their adaptability by inventing Pidgin English; that is, Business English. It is the Lingua Franca, the Esperanto of the coast, and all nationalities use it in business. "Chop" is trade-mark, seal, or stamp. There is a great deal of trouble with Chinese coinage. A smart viceroy finds his profit in setting up a mint

and debasing the coinage, and no one will take a silver dollar unless it has the "chop" of some reliable house on it to show that it is full weight. They formerly used a steel punch, and when a house handed you out a dollar in change it was punched with their "chop" to show that they guaranteed it to be good. Some of the old Hong Kong dollars were hammered all out of shape. They were "chop dollars." A man with pockmarks on his face is a "chop dollar face man." Now they use a stamp and indelible ink. When it wears a little or is indistinguishable you demand a fresh chop on it. "What fashion pidgin" is what kind of business. Everything is "piece." "My wantchee one piece glass." You never say here or there. You say "My wantchee you this side." "Topside" and "bottomside" are upstairs and down. The servant came to the Doctor at lunch. "Master hab got two piece men bottom side." Two visitors downstairs.

Anything to eat is "chow." "Chopchop" is quickly, hurry. There is nothing like it except railroad slang in America. Coming out, I was reading the verbatim account of the evidence of a Santa Fe brakeman who was called on the carpet to explain

the circumstances of a rear-end collision. Here is what he told the "Super.": "You see it was this way: The hoghead was down greasin' the pig. The tallow-pot was in the coal mine crackin' diamonds. The Head shack was out front bending the rails to head in. The Con. was back in the dog-house tossin' the tissues, and I was just starting out with the red when she bumped us."

If you can't translate that, maybe Jim Hurley will volunteer an explanation. He and Jerry Black talk that kind of language all the time. It is astonishing how few words you can get along with. There are not to exceed one hundred and fifty words of "pidgin," but they suffice. If you know them you can do business all over the East. Mark you, it is "pidgin English," not pidgin German or anything else. English is the tongue out here, in spite of the fact that the Germans are everywhere, patient, aggressive, working tooth and nail for the trade and getting it. They have beaten us, they are beating the English, but to work here they must speak English. There are Chino-English schools in every coast town. Everywhere you meet Chinese who speak English, even in Canton. Many have learned it in America or Australia, but

most in these schools. In the Camoen Garden at Macao we met a charming Chinese family, the grandfather and grandmother, the married daughter, and four children—three handsome boys and a little girl that set F. crazy, she was so pretty and sweet. All of them except the old man spoke English, the boys fluently. A knowledge of English insures a good job in a store or bank, an ultimate partnership. It is the language of the Coast.

I shall not try to tell you much about the Chinese language, although I know all about it—nit. No one knows anything about Chinese except a few scholars who have put in their lives on it. Their writing is ideographic; go to the dictionary for that. They have one dialect, called the Mandarin or official tongue, spoken by most of the educated classes, and there is another dialect for nearly every province. Lack of intercommunication has led to dialectism, as it does everywhere, as it did in England and France two hundred years ago, and even in America. A Canton Chino cannot understand a Shanghai. Doctor San, our pet name for the ship's doctor, can reel off a jargon with no sense in it that sounds exactly like some sort of Chinese. I saw him go up to a Hong

A CHINESE EXECUTION.

Kong Chinaman and rattle it off. The boy listened attentively, and finally said, "My no sabbe Shanghai," and walked off. He thought the doctor was talking the northern dialect.

Men who come out here get completely weaned from home. They get fits of homesickness and go back, but they almost invariably return. Kipling says: "When you 'ear the East a-callin' you won't never 'eed naught else." It is so. Somehow it draws men back. Those who stay here any length of time become expatriates. They are loyal to their country, they celebrate the Fourth of July, the Fall of the Bastille, or the King's birthday, they sing Die Wacht am Rhein, the Marseillaise, or the Star-Spangled Banner, when they get full, but they stay here.

For one thing, they are waited on hand and foot for a trifle. They can live in style here on what would be a beggarly income at home. They can keep a houseful of servants—servants for everything—belong to the best clubs, keep horses, never touch foot to the ground, for a sum that at home would hardly suffice a department clerk. Major J., who was in the Indian mutiny, a boy of sixteen, who has been here

forty-seven years, said to me: "I'd like to go 'ome, don't you know, but my little screw keeps me in comfort 'ere; at 'ome I'd be a beggar."

Office hours are 10 to 12, an hour at the club, an hour and a half at tiffin. Then from 2:30 to 5, work; then golf or cricket or polo till 7:30, and dinner at 8. That is the life. I have found very few that wanted to leave it, to go back to the strenuous life, the hustle and worry of home. The English have set their mark indelibly on all this country. The leisurely ways, the mode of doing business, are English, modified to still more slowness by the Chinese they deal with. As soon as there are a dozen English in a place they start a club. They have cricket, golf, polo if they can afford it, for that is expensive. Here they have the Shanghai Club, a splendid old building, with a great library, rooms and rooms full of books in every tongue. They have golf, cricket and polo clubs, with beautiful grounds almost in the heart of the city. They have a country club on the Bubbling Well Road that is one of the finest in the world, with a theatre for amateur performances and grounds that are a dream. Every one knows every one. It is a city with a charming dash of the country town.

The overpowering pressure of the Asiatic Shadow draws them very close together. French or English, German or American, they are White Men. They fight for the business, but they stand by one another in everything else like members of a secret order. There is a fellowship of the White Man out here that we know nothing of. All up and down the coast they know each other. They are so few, this little fringe of White Men clinging to the Yellow Man's flank, a white speck in the yellow, a mere atom in Asia's uncounted millions. But they are strong men. Most of them have faced perils we know nothing of—for always there is a yellow peril here. They hate us, these Chinese, not individually, but in the mass. We mean their National degradation, we are the sign of their weakness, we have trampled them under foot. We forced the Son of Heaven to show his face, to give audience to the Foreign Devils. We have taken their best seaports, their most fertile lands. We have compelled them to try their lawsuits in our courts, submit to judgments from an alien judge. We have beaten them over and over again with insignificant numbers. We have desecrated their tombs, heaped indignities upon them. Why should they not hate

us? Very slowly they are beginning to realize where they have failed. That given the Open Door they must adopt our ways, our guns, our ships, must do business in our way. Today China is seeking to build up a navy, wants to repurchase from England the "lease" of Wei Hai Wei, the best port in the North. They are drilling troops everywhere, buying arms, establishing a regular soldiery. The Taiping Rebellion showed what they could do if drilled and led. Gordon showed that even the Cantonese would fight if they had weapons and confidence in their officers.

The loot of Pekin was the last blow to the old régime. The attack on the foreign legations was the last despairing effort of the Reactionaries. When seventeen thousand foreign soldiers marched through the heart of the North, stormed Pekin, looted the palace and drove the Emperor to seek shelter in the West, even Tsi An, conservative of conservatives, yielded.

From a taxable standpoint China is poor. Given an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year, divided among ten men, there is a taxable surplus. Divide that among one thousand men, and not much remains to be taxed. So it is in China. The wealth

is enormous, but so subdivided, so split up, that no heavy rate of taxation can be endured. It is rich, but the wealth is so widely held that it does not yield much. Even now, when China is determined to stop the opium traffic, enforcing the prohibition of opium-smoking everywhere, she is checked by the inquiry of the foreigners whom she owes: "If you stop the importation of opium, which pays a big tariff, how will you pay us?"

That is all that checks the Yellow Peril. Japan is poor, poor beyond belief. Every import duty is pledged. Even the revenues from the state-owned railroads and the tobacco monopoly are mortgaged, and everything is taxed to the last limit it can bear. It would not be borne but for the wonderful patriotism of the Japanese, who place country first of all. The Chinese have not come to that yet, but they are coming. My cabin-boy, Ah Wing, one day unburdened his heart to us, and he is a Chinese Patriot. He reviled Li Hung Chang bitterly. Said that he was a boodler who gave up to Japan, sold Korea for gold. He said "China much big country, big country on map. Hab got much men. Japan little country. China give up to Japan. Li bad man.

Plenty bad man. Sell China to put in his box." Li left a fortune of fifty millions, and started a poor boy who took the examinations and secured a small place at the outset without friends or family to help him.

China, like Russia, is the victim of her officials. Just the other day one of the Imperial Censors was suspended because he had accused a member of the Council of accepting a present of ten thousand taels (about $7500) from a Viceroy, and the present of a singing-girl from a Governor, to overlook some of their transgressions. Later the Censor was justified, and the Viceroy and Governor degraded. There is no system of taxation in China. The Taotai of a city receives no salary. He wrings what he can from his people, gives what he must to the Imperial Treasury, bribes the necessary officials to let him keep the rest, and the whole system is one of corruption and graft.

The Imperial Household is always hard up. There is no money to buy guns and ships or set China on its feet. Yet the country is rich, and with a fair administration of finances would soon have a surplus. It is far richer than Japan, that in forty years has built

A MANDARIN'S TEA PAVILION.

up a great armament on land and sea and fought two successful wars. It lacks the Strong Man, the Man who shall come, like the Mikado of Japan, surround himself with men like Ito and Togo and set this people on their feet.

The worst blot on the Chinese civilization is their treatment of women. From Confucius down, their writings belittle women. They are kept in absolute ignorance, learn nothing, know nothing. A Chinese husband cannot get any pleasure out of the society of his wife, and hence seeks the singing-girls, who are educated to converse and amuse. It is considered degrading for a woman to be informed, to know how to talk, to be on an equality with man. All her use is to bear sons. Even this is changing, however. That these customs are not immutable, that China can move, is shown in the gradual disuse of foot-binding. You rarely see a young woman with distorted feet. They are usually elderly women. A great society in China started by foreigners, but now mainly led by Chinese women, has all but put a stop to it. There are schools for girls in all the coast and river towns, and the school-master is abroad. With the gradual elevation of women will come the most

radical change in Chinese life. Now it is a gross impropriety to ask a high-class Chinese about his wife or daughters. You may inquire of his sons, but you must not mention his women. Polygamy is allowed, but under restrictions. If the first wife bears a son, there is not often a second; but if rich, he may buy slaves. If the first wife is barren, or has only daughters, he is permitted, nay, required to take a second or third. He may take, as a fact, just as many as he can support. But the first wife is always the head and others are only secondary. Their rights in the house, in the family estate, are always much lower than those of the first. She contracts the marriage of the sons, no matter whether they are hers or another wife's. Tsi An was a secondary wife of the Emperor, but her wit and cleverness enabled her to assume the position of Empress Dowager. She is It, no doubt of that. There is a great surplus of females in China. There are about five per cent more girls than boys born each year. Female infanticide has been of the commonest, open. Attempts are being made with some success to stop it, but provision must be made for the surplus girls. Even the slave market and polygamy do not provide for them.

Not many years ago, the Doctor was hunting, up-country, and in a pond found the bodies of two new-born female infants. He called some coolies who were near by. They knew who put them there; told the doctor, but justified it. "Him b'long much poor man, belly poor. Hab got five, six. No can catch chow, what can do? Must go to pond." It is a great mass to start moving after its long lethargy, but it is beginning. Lack of intercommunication, isolation into separate provinces, lack of a common tongue, have prevented the growth of a real national feeling. Patriotism as the Japanese understand it is unknown. But even that is awakening. The repeated encroachments of the foreigners, the injustice with which China has been treated, the contempt which foreigners show Chinese here in their intercourse with them, is slowly arousing a national feeling. A desire for the ability to resent, to defend themselves. To show how China is treated: The other day the Hague Conference was discussing some additions to the rules of civilized warfare. The Chinese delegates timidly suggested that they would like to have the rules of war applied to "expeditions." That is what we call it when we send a force into China to punish

her for some despairing outbreak against us. The other delegates promptly replied that this could not be done, as these expeditions were punitive, intended to punish China for some dereliction, some infringement on foreign rights. It did not seem to occur to them that war usually comes from the same cause. But the request was refused. So it will still be lawful for civilized troops in China to do as they did in the Pekin expedition—to ravish women, desecrate tombs, steal private property, in short, disregard every rule of civilized warfare.

Shanghai is the center of all the disaffection against the reigning family. There are many native papers printed here that circulate throughout China. All of them are progressive, most of them incendiary, but the Government cannot touch them here. If a Chinese reformer is close pressed, he flees to Shanghai and is safe. It is the Switzerland of the East. So the city is full of agitators, reformers and revolutionists. Of course they are the ablest men in the Empire, and China is doing what Russia is trying to do, drive out every man of intelligence and initiative. But there is no Siberia for China, and as I have said,

CHINESE FAMILY.

even in this, China is ahead of Russia. The throne admits that there are grievances, listens to memorials, has a Board of Censors to ferret out corruption and injustice, and seems to be making an honest effort to better the system. Yesterday it was again announced that China is to have a Constitution very soon, and the provincial governors were urged to make haste in the preparations for it. Well-informed foreigners expect to see a radical change in the Government within five years. They are in doubt, somewhat fearful as to the effect on their own position here. They know they cannot hold these concessions an hour in the face of awakened China. If China should reorganize her army and make an alliance with Japan she would be able to dictate terms. The conserving influence is Japan. But you may set this down: there will be no more encroachments on China. The last piece of her ground has been alienated.

Everyone realizes the vast potentialities of trouble that exist out here. Emperor William was not far wrong when he painted the picture of the Yellow Peril. But I do not personally think the Chinese will ever become aggressive, or however strong they may become, wage a war of conquest. All they ask,

all they hope for, is to be strong enough to secure justice for themselves, and they know it cannot be had without an army and navy as counsel for their side of the case. Every effort is being made now to preserve the *status quo*. Nation after nation is binding itself to preserve the territorial integrity of China from further spoliation, and at the same time keep the slice it has secured. Every one deprecates a war. No one wants the Yellow Man to wake up and find his strength. The admission of Japan to the family of nations, the conspicuous part it is taking in the Hague Conference, are disquieting enough to Europe. She wants no more. The great body of the Chinese, the educated class, which comprises almost a majority of its population, are honest and just. Given a constitutional form of government that would secure to the nation this great body of intelligence, and China need not be feared. She will deal fairly with the foreigner in affairs of state as she does now in private business.

I have written somewhat at length of these things, as I found all conditions out here so different from my preconceptions. It is all so new to me that I have thought it might be new to others.

We have given up Pekin. I am told that the smells there are even worse than those of Canton. I have enough. I am looking forward to Japan, for which we sail tomorrow. Here is a dull uniformity of shaven foreheads and pigtails that makes all faces look alike. A stereotyped costume that wearies the eye. Narrow streets, sullen faces, a great shadow that hangs over it all. They are so incomprehensible, so mysterious, these Asiatic minds. The oldest residents tell me that after thirty years' intercourse, there are Chinese points of view they cannot find, depths and recesses of the Chinese mind they cannot understand; at the last they remain strangers. I feel at every step an alien. I can understand the French, the Germans, the European peoples. I can joy in their joys, share their sorrows, sympathize with their misfortunes, enter, though briefly, into their lives. Here, I am wholly excluded. I know that I do not penetrate below the surface. I can never hope to know them, nay, though I traveled from Tonkin to the Great Wall. I should simply see more millions, who constantly evade my inquiry. I like to get to the bottom of things. I like to feel that I know; that I can be, if only for an hour, a part of the people where I am.

I would fain be one of them while I am with them. It cannot be here. I am tired, utterly tired of the Celestial Kingdom. I shall never see it again. I would not live here for the mines of Golconda. But in Japan I feel at home. The wide streets, the gardens and flowers, the kindly smiling faces, the exquisite courtesy from high and low, the variety and multiform charm of that people, draw me irresistibly. They are not as honest as the Chinese, and presently I shall give you a reason for that; and it is only temporary, born of peculiar conditions, it is not racial, but I feel as though I could live and die with them and be content.

I look forward to seeing them again as one looks forward to some delightful entertainment. Yesterday I saw a Japanese woman on the streets tottering along in her narrow kimono, her clogs and her white stockings, and I could not forbear an "ohayo" to her. She twinkled into a smile and made me her funny Japanese bow, and I felt as if I were home again.

Before I leave China, however, I want to say something about the character of this most strange people as I have observed them, studied them, and

CHINESE SCHOOL.

learned of them from men who have spent the most of their lives here. To the Occidental they are a bundle of contradictions. They are the most honest, industrious, and most temperate people in the world. I believe I mentioned that in Canton, a city of two million people, there is not a drinking-place, a saloon, a grog-shop, or a drug-store with a back room, or any place where anything intoxicating can be procured. That is true of old Shanghai, true of the native part of Hong Kong, Macao, and Hankow. The higher classes drink, very moderately, a rice wine, a kind of brandy that they make, and in the coast towns European drinks, but always in moderation. The lower and middle classes drink not at all, except tea. A drunken Chinaman would be as much of a curiosity as a Chinaman with two heads. There is no need of temperance societies here.

They are very charitable, giving freely of their means to relieve the poverty and distress of their poorer countrymen. After the San Francisco earthquake China relieved the distress of the Chinese in San Francisco as promptly and even more liberally than we relieved the distress of our people. They are more kindly in the family relation than we.

Families live more harmoniously. Family ties are stronger. Filial duty is paramount, and in no country in the world is the family relation in all its branches held more tenaciously or more sacredly than in China.

And yet they are a very cruel people. Their penal code is the most terrible in the world. Torture to secure a confession is still a part of their system. The lin-chi, or hewing in pieces as a public punishment, was abolished only a year ago. It was witnessed with apparent enjoyment by thousands whenever it took place. The victim was strapped to a pole, and the executioner with a sharp knife gradually dismembered him; first a hand, then a foot, then an arm at the shoulder, then a leg at the knee, and last of all the head, until nothing but a bloody torso remained. I have seen photographs taken on the spot of one of these executions, showing every detail of it: the executioner cheerfully pausing in his bloody work to let the photographer record the last step, and the photographs show a sea of faces surrounding the place of execution, apparently enjoying intensely the sufferings of the victim. Such things as breaking a man's legs to make him confess, searing him

with hot irons and putting out his eyes, are still common. It is hard to reconcile these things with their general kindliness toward one another, the fineness of their family relations, their charity for poverty, and their many other good qualities. To the end of time they must remain an anomaly, an enigma to the Western mind; but one thing should not be forgotten: There must be something great in the Chinese race, something strong in its character, something of wisdom in its governmental system, for China has existed as a nation, as a governmental entity, with practically its present boundaries and its present system, longer than any other nation or government has endured in the history of the world. Nor is it now decadent. On the contrary, I believe the Chinese to-day to be one of the strongest races in the world, a race whose greatest history is yet to come. In the intelligence, sobriety and industry of its vast population it is unsurpassed by any nation in the world. Given a decent government, the growth of a national spirit will follow and China will take its place among the great powers of the world; and it will be a power that will make for peace, not war, or territorial aggression. Profoundly interesting in

every way, historically, governmentally, ethically and otherwise is this great mysterious realm.

Perhaps when I recover from the smells and forget as one does the disagreeable things, I shall want to come back. Certainly I have never seen any other country as interesting in all its phases.

F. and her sister have met, once more, to part again, perhaps for the last time. It will be a hard wrench, and it will be hard to think of them out here expatriated, living always under this Shadow, but they are content, and we cannot stay.

To-morrow we turn Eastward, turn toward Home.

JAPANESE HOSPITALITY.

JAPAN (Continued).

Shanghai lies fifty miles from the sea, and twelve miles from Woosung, at the mouth of the Whangpoa, which is really the port for Shanghai. The P. & O. steamers and large war vessels go clear up to Shanghai, but vessels which touch for but a day anchor at Woosung, on the Yangste, and a tender takes passengers and mails the rest of the way. When our tender left the wharf there was a great crowd to see it off, the greater part of whose attention seemed to be concentrated on one man, a slight, bald-headed gentleman, manifestly embarrassed by the number of bouquets that were being handed up to him, and especially so by a terrific fusillade of gigantic Chinese fire-crackers that exploded just as we started. Naturally when they yelled "What's the matter with G.?" and replied enthusiastically that G. was all right, most of them with voices that indicated they had been up the night before, we wondered what particular High Grand Mr. G. was. Later we discovered that he was a nice, unassuming business man, an American who had been out there fifteen years and was

now going back to his native America, and this was the Far-East way of wishing him good-by. The departure of a white man out there, if he is a good fellow, leaves a big gap, very different from this country. When I returned from a three months' absence in Europe a friend met me and said, "You've been away, haven't you? I haven't seen you for a week." Out there they are few, and they stick together.

Possibly I have expressed my opinion of the China Sea before, but here it is again. It is stormy, foggy, full of unexpected currents, treacherous, and in color resembles discouraged dishwater. It is just as unlovely as China itself. It is the dread of mariners, and no liner navigates it without an experienced pilot clear from Hong Kong to Nagasaki. When we started, a typhoon was loafing around the Loo Choo Islands, apparently laying for us, but we missed it. We saw the wreck of a big French warship that had run ashore in a fog, swept out of its course by one of these unaccountable currents. We were lucky; we missed the fogs and the typhoon, and once more saw the noble harbor of Nagasaki open before us with nearly as much pleasure as we shall feel when we see the Golden Gate.

HEAD OF NAGASAKI HARBOR.

We had expected mail here, but were disappointed. The barnacle who inflicts himself upon our consular service at this place had thoughtfully forwarded it, without orders, to Hong Kong, so that we shall now get it about two months after we reach home.

I learn from our newspapers that our consular service in the Far East is improving rapidly. Maybe it is. I am glad I did not have to do with it before it improved. It is an asylum for incapables now, filled with derelicts that various political storms have cast ashore, and picked up by a friendly administration that seems to think our appointive positions are refuges for Congressmen, whom their constituents have rejected and political sub-bosses whom the bossees have kicked out.

Once more we savored the pleasant odors of Japan, absorbed its kindly smiles, answered its funny bows and jigjigged over the hills and far away in our rickshaws, and were happy. We did not linger at Nagasaki or Kobe. Old Japan was a-calling us, and we harkened to the call. We landed at Kobe in the morning, bag and baggage, and there was quite a lot of it, for the cheapness of beautiful things in China had tempted us a little, and my letter of credit was

considerably shorn by our stay there. When we reached the custom-house I told the officer that we were American travelers passing through Japan. That our stuff would be shipped through to Yokohama, with the exception of our smaller baggage. That if desired they could bond it for the Yokohama office. He replied that that was unnecessary, made a chalk-mark on each package, and we were free. Think of it!—and Japan is a high-protection country, a stiff tariff on everything. How would an American custom-house official have treated such a request? With contempt, insolence and rudeness. He would have opened every package, tumbled everything out, kept us there half a day, and then permitted us to repack things ourselves.

The U. S. Customs Service is the most exasperating in the world. Its employés make no distinction between the traveler they know to be a professional smuggler, and the ordinary tourist. But the most absurd thing about it is the graft called the "courtesy of the port." The Collector of the Port may in his discretion grant to any person what is known as the courtesy of the port, and the favored one's baggage goes through without examination. At Manila, Chas.

H. Towne, of New York, one-time Senator from Minnesota for six weeks by virtue of a gubernatorial appointment to fill a vacancy, but for several years a private citizen, had the "courtesy of the port," and his stuff went through without examination, while my handbag had to go to the custom-house and I did not get it till the next day.

Once in a while the lid comes off, and we get a glimpse through some exposure of the rottenness of our customs service, but the Treasury Department is always able to force it back on again before we get more than a glimpse.

We left Kobe on the afternoon train that skirts the great bay of Kobe, and stopped for two hours at Osake to see a "modern" manufacturing town. Originally Osake was a beautiful old Japanese town seat of a once great Daimio, and renowned for its feudal castle. The hand of progress has touched it and turned it into a Packingtown, a Homestead, a Paterson, New Jersey, with all of their ills and none of their benefits. A great forest of chimneys marks the new cotton factories and iron mills.

A smoky pall covers the city, and in place of the wide clean streets, gardens and villas of other Japan-

ese cities, we found rows of hideous tenements, rushed up like mushrooms, with corrugated iron roofs, hideous, unspeakable, true factory hives.

It is the boast of these new textile mills that they can compete with the world, and some of them made last year as high as thirty-five per cent after paying enormous bonuses to certain directors. I should think they could. They employ mainly women and children, twelve hours a day, and at a wage that is simply inhuman. If child-labor is cheap in America, imagine what it is in Japan, where women tend looms for twelve hours for ten cents a day. I was told that children eight years old work twelve hours a day in these mills—there is no child-labor law here—for a wage of five cents a day of our money.

We saw one of these mills, a familiar sight, just like America, but worse,—a vast room, filled with shrieking machinery, dust, odors, and uncleanness, poor light and less air, and amid these whirling spindles and hideous noises tiny figures feeding the remorseless machines, escaping death and mutilation only by care unceasing, bent, hollow-eyed, old before their time,—and all for a wage that would not support a dog in decency. Oh, yes, "commercial su-

premacy" is a fine thing, a high-sounding phrase, but is it worth what it costs? Japan is reaching for it, and her rich men are playing the same game that English and American manufacturers have played. Demanding an enormous tariff for the "protection of Japanese labor," and themselves absorbing every penny of the protection, and grinding their employés' blood and nerves into huge profits. Old Japan was fair, beautiful, prosperous, contented and happy, but the demon of competition has entered. Ambition demands a first rank with the world-powers, and so we have protection, manufactures, child-labor, hideous, unsightly towns, a few very rich and the great mass underpaid, underfed, vilely housed, dragging out a bare existence.

KIOTO.

We left Osake with relief and turned our faces to Kioto, to old Japan. One of the confusing things about Japanese railways is the fact that the names of the larger towns never appear on the time table, only the name of the station, which is something entirely different. Tokyo appears on the time table as Shimbashi, Yokohama as Kodzu, and so on. But

we were in no doubt at Kioto. The hotel at Kobe had wired the Kioto hotel that we were coming on a certain train, and we had our taste of a really Japanese hotel. At the station a little Jap dressed in European fashion bustled into our compartment, touched his hat, and without a word grabbed our bags and handed them to a waiting porter. We followed him outside to a carriage, a low-hung, one-horse victoria with a driver in livery. He bowed and touched his hat. The moment we were seated he was off at a swift trot, with a long-legged boy in the hotel livery running ahead. The streets are so narrow that a boy always runs ahead of the carriages to warn rickshaws at the intersecting streets. We drove miles, it seemed, through streets fairly wide, filled with traffic, all on foot, endless shops decorated and gaily displayed, till finally we entered a court-yard and drew up before the portico of a big stucco-front building.

It was embarrassing. There stood the manager, the assistant manager, two or three clerks, the head waiter, seven or eight bell-boys, (girls, I mean; the bell-boys are girls here,) all the waiters, coolies and rickshaw men, at least twenty in all, all bowing and bobbing and kowtowing at once and sucking in their

breath for fear that an exhalation might offend our honorable noses.

As an American citizen, accustomed to being bullied by the head waiter, ignored by the clerk and snubbed by every one about a hotel, it was flattering; but, yes, it was embarrassing. Like George Washington and the negro, I did not want to be outdone in politeness by any Jap, and when anyone bowed to me I bowed back, but I had to give it up. Every time I looked at the clerk or the head waiter or a bell-girl or a cooly he bowed, and so I quit looking at them. I bowed three hundred and forty-one times the first hour, and then I quit. I concluded that I had done enough for politeness, and after that I maintained my American rigidity.

They escorted us to a great room on the second floor; I say escort, for our cortége comprised the entire office force, all the bell-girls, and part of the waiters. Our room was on the second floor, a corner room, big enough for a family, beautifully furnished, and overlooking a delightful garden, filled with strange bloom and foliage, through which lazily meandered a clear little stream filled with gold-fish, with a toy bridge across it, a toy summer-house on

its bank and toy children playing in its bamboo border. It was just like a scene from a Japanese fan, quiet, still, a touch of *rus in urbo* that made it delightful.

We went down and had a six-course dinner, the best I have eaten in the East except at the Boa Vista, exquisitely served, miraculous neatness everywhere. And now, before we go out for an evening's rickshaw ride through this old city, a word about it.

Kioto was the old capital of the Mikado, during the Shogunate and until its abolition in 1868. Here the Mikado lived in complete seclusion, never visible to his subjects, and surrounded by a semi-religious court; while the actual power and sovereignty were exercised by the Shogun, whose capital was Yeddo, now Tokio.

Who was the Shogun? I shall not assume that my readers know more than I did when I went to Japan. I knew who the Mikado was, but the Shogun was a name unknown; so before getting any deeper into Japan, I shall tell you a little of Japanese history, enough to help an understanding of these people.

The Mikado is, as every one knows, at once the spiritual and temporal head of Japan. He combines in himself Emperor and Pope. He is head of the Church as well as of the State, and the two are combined in his person. He is more than Pope, however. Devoutly believed to have descended from the Sun, through a direct and unbroken ancestry, he is in a sense a celestial being, a God-King. He is worshipped as well as obeyed. Of course this latter phase is wearing away with the introduction of Occidental ideas, and it is only in the remoter districts that the Mikado cult holds full force; but the fact remains that to his people, all his people, he occupies a higher position than any other earthly potentate. To that is largely owing the fanatic devotion of his people, their unreasoning loyalty, their supreme courage in battle.

Prior to the Seventh Century, the Mikado held the same position he now does, temporal and spiritual head. But Japan was not then a compact empire. It was split into clans, septs, each warring with the other, and there was but little central authority.

About the last of the Seventh Century the powerful Fujiwara clan seized the temporal power, bent the

other clans or broke them, and made of the Mikado the spiritual head, themselves absorbing all lay functions of government.

From that on the Mikado became a mere puppet in the hands of this regency, akin to the Mayors of the Palace under the last Carlovingian kings in France.

The title of these military and civil rulers was Shogun. When the first Europeans came in contact with the Japanese, they heard only of the Shogun, but by a name that foreigners roughly spelled Tycoon, and it was as the tycoon that we learned of the rulers of Japan when we went to school in the sixties.

But the Shoguns not only made of the Mikado a spiritual figure-head—they deposed and set up Mikados when they pleased. Sometimes there were rival Mikados, set up by different powerful clans; for the Shoguns were unable to preserve order, and the country was the scene of innumerable civil wars for eight hundred years. The whole country was feudal; Daimios, or heads of clans, held their own fiefs, made war or peace with each other, administered justice, and largely ignored the central authority. This lasted till the country was desolate and the Mikado's court was left without revenue and often

half-starved. The body of one Mikado lay at the gate of his palace for forty days before the money could be raised to pay the funeral expenses.

Finally the strong man came, one Nobunaga, in 1573, who subdued the clans and grasped the Shogunate. He died suddenly in 1582, and was succeeded by Hideyoshi, a great general, who fairly welded the country into one, and to purge the country of its turbulent spirits invaded Korea unsuccessfully. At his death, in 1598, he was succeeded by Ieyasu, the greatest man that Japan has ever produced; in fact, one of the greatest men the world has seen.

Ieyasu founded the Tokagawa Shogunate, which gave fifteen rulers to Japan in unbroken line, and lasted till 1868, when, under the stress of conflict with foreign powers, the old system broke down. The Shogunate was abolished, the present Mikado retook the government, and later gave Japan the constitution that it now enjoys.

Ieyasu was a great general, a great lawgiver, a diplomat, a state-builder, a Cæsar of the sixteenth century. He broke the power of the Daimios, limited the number of Saumurai or military class, enforced a wise system of legislation, redistributed the great

fiefs among his followers, and in addition, as a safeguard against rebellion, compelled each Daimio to spend part of the year at the capital of the Shogunate which he established at Yeddo, and to leave hostages from his family always in the Shogun's power.

He encouraged agriculture, made roads and canals, and so restored peace and order that Japan grew in wealth and population beyond anything ever known. Modern Japan is what Ieyasu made it. He left a testament, a code of maxims for his descendants, and a series of minute directions not only for the government of his country, but for its daily life, its social observances, its family relations; in short, a strait-jacket for every Japanese, that they have worn for three hundred years, till they have assumed its shape, and now that it is removed continue instinctively to imitate.

Here is one of his maxims:

"Life is like unto a long journey with a heavy load. Let thy steps be slow and steady, that thou stumble not. Persuade thyself that imperfection and inconvenience is the natural lot of mortals, and there will be no room for discontent, neither for despair. If ambitious desires arise in thy heart, recall the days of extremity thou hast passed through.

Forbearance is the root of quietness and assurance forever. Look upon wrath as thine enemy. If thou knowest only what it is to conquer, but knowest not what it is to be defeated, woe unto thee!—it will fare ill with thee. Find fault with thyself rather than with others. Better the less than the more."

One other thing he did that was destined to have memorable consequences to his country. Prior to his reign the Dutch had secured a foothold at Nagasaki, had a trading station there, and were doing a lucrative trade. The Jesuits, reaching over from China, had established missions and made thousands of converts by tolerating Ancestor Worship and engrafting Christianity upon it as they did in China. It was the time of greatest power of the Buddhists, before the decay of that religion, and Ieyasu himself was Buddhist as much as he was anything, but he was tolerant in religious matters.

But his first aim was the unification of Japan, and he soon saw that the Jesuits aimed at nothing less than complete power. Just as he was making this discovery, Walter Adams, an English shipmaster, was captured on the coast by a local Daimio. He was taken before Ieyasu, who immediately took a fancy to this blunt English sailor, who knew the coun-

tries beyond the sea and particularly knew what the Jesuits were. Adams told him of the persecutions in Europe, of St. Bartholomew, of the Inquisition; and Ieyasu's half-formed purpose of expulsion hardened into a resolve.

The Jesuits were expelled after a bloody struggle, in which at the last fifty thousand were surrounded and killed. Christianity was forbidden on the pain of death, and so thoroughly did he do his work, that no trace of it remained three hundred years later. Adams was never allowed to return to England. Ieyasu kept him there, married him to a native, made him a Daimio, and his tomb is to be seen just above Kamakura.

With the expulsion of the Jesuits the Buddhists began to raise their heads and assert temporal powers. Many Daimios sided with them, and a short but bloody civil war followed. A Buddhist himself, Ieyasu did not scruple to storm a castle held by Buddhists and slaughter every one in it, including the priests. He taught them their lesson so thoroughly that it was never forgotten, and civil war in any guise never again raised its head in Japan.

Considered as a state-builder, he ranks with the

greatest the world has seen, for he took Japan, a scattered mass of clans and feudal sovereignties, owing no allegiance to the central power, weak and devastated by civil war, and left it welded into one nation,—strong, peaceful and prosperous, and so it remained. He restored the Mikado to his former state, and was scrupulous in observance of all the rites due to the spiritual head.

Not to know of Ieyasu is not to know Japan or why it is what it is today.

When the Shogunate fell, the Mikado transferred his capital to Yeddo, the old capital of the Shogunate, and renamed it Tokio, or "Western capital."

The transfer of the capital from Kioto was a severe blow, and for a time it languished and lost population, but it had strong men who organized, aided in the establishment of new industries and the rebuilding of old ones, and it is now a city of four hundred thousand, the seat of the finest bronze, silver, and silk workers in Japan.

Well, our rickshaw has been waiting all this time and I must introduce you to Asole, who was our guide, counselor and friend throughout our stay. For fifty

cents a day apiece he and another hauled us from nine o'clock till ten at night, always ready, cheerful polite and knowledgable. Asole knows his Kioto every inch. He knows where the best and cheapest bronzes are to be had, the finest embroideries, the best ivory-workers. He was neat, tireless, soft-voiced, and good to look at. He had a bookful of recommendations, signed by many distinguished people, and I added my own name with a fervent recommendation which I here and now repeat.

That first night he took us to a kind of street fair that was being held on an island in the river, where we saw the Japanese at play. Mind you, Kioto is as much old Japan as Canton is old China. We saw but four white people in the city, and they came from the same boat with us. It has never been altered or spoiled like the coast towns.

Kioto streets at night are fairy-land. There are no electric street lights, but before each little shop hangs a huge paper lantern with the owner's name in gaudy colors on it, and so the street is a long vista of gorgeous, many-colored lights, bobbing and swaying in the night breeze. Every one is on the street, for these people work in daylight and shop and visit

and gossip in the evening. The streets are sufficiently wide, for the houses are never more than two stories. There is no noise of vehicles, nor horses or automobiles, just the click-clack of the wooden clogs, the swish of kimonos, the soft laughter and low voices of the passing throng. There is no disorder, no hurry, no quarreling, no drunkenness, no flaunting of silk side by side with rags. Every one is clean, neatly clothed, merry, smiling, cheerful.

Every turn is a new picture, gay yet harmonious, sparkling, bewitching. Our rickshaws glide along on rubber tires, smoothly, noiselessly. Each householder sprinkles and sweeps the street before his own property; there is no dust, no dirt, no smells. It all looks as though the curtain had just risen, the stage setting all complete, every actor in fancy costume in place.

It is so charming it is unreal. It is not a workaday world, just a holiday playtime world. Even the shopkeepers seem playing at shop-keeping as they bow and smile and gossip with their customers. And how much fun those little people get out of the spending of a five-cent piece! They wander from shop to shop and admire and bow and chatter and chaf-

fer, till you wonder that they ever get anything bought.

Finally we reach the fine stone bridge across the river. The quaint two-story houses with quainter balconies, covered with vines, all illuminated with lanterns, lean over the banks; and far down the river you can see row on row of lights reflected in the clear-flowing swift water, and hear the sound of the samisen where the geisha-girls are entertaining visitors in the tea-houses that abound here.

Below on the gravelly island is a great crowd, the Japanese Fair. It would take too long to tell of the attractions; and sooth, they are mostly of American invention. There are three merry-go-rounds that are crowded all the time; cheap, as befits the Japanese purse; a five-minutes ride for two cents. There are chariots for the elders and riding-horses hung from ropes for the youngsters, so hung that they can be made to curvet and rear in the most realistic way. One gallant young cavalryman, perhaps eight years old, made his steed prance and dance in a fearsome way, and hugely enjoyed our open awe and admiration. The Japanese family play all together. The man does not leave the woman to lug the children. On the contrary, he carries them himself, looks after

them, amuses them. They are good comrades and enjoy each other, and the mother totters along beside them unburdened.

There is no race suicide here. Every couple seem to have a quiverful. There is a shoot the chutes, "made in America." All sorts of dioramas, fortune-tellers, canes for ring-throwing, darky heads to throw a ball at—all American. In short, one wonders what the Japanese did for amusement before the American invasion.

One of the funny things was a little circle like a circus-track, with four little ponies for riding. For five cents you could mount and gallop around this tiny circle ten times. It was very funny to see a Jap gather up his kimono and go bobbing gravely around the circle with the impression that he was learning to be a horseman. Horses are almost unknown in Japan, and they have never learned to ride. I am told that there is nothing much funnier than a Japanese cavalry regiment at its evolutions. No wonder they could outmarch the other troops on the road to Pekin. Shank's mare has been their conveyance from the beginning, is now. They know what their legs are for, and how to use them.

Asole guided us, explained everything, translated, bought our tickets (for we went to everything), and when the show was over trotted us home in the soft night air, through the streets that were still crowded, though it was eleven o'clock. Occasionally a lantern had burned out and a shop-front was dark, but still the city was gay, gayer than in the daytime. It is Broadway in little about theatre-time.

How much like home our hotel seems, with its cheerful welcoming faces, its soft-voiced courtesy, its prompt and willing service. How I loathed the thought of an American hotel after the "Kioto."

Of course the next morning the first thought of the feminine mind was shopping. We had letters to various shopkeepers from a big importing house that guaranteed us the "lowest wholesale rates." Well, after vainly trying to buy things in these big stores where the prices are almost as high as in America, we committed ourselves to Asole. The big stores all have salesmen in the hotels, and wares displayed there. Beware of them. The hotel gets a profit on every dollar you buy. Asole took us to shops we had never heard of. Tiny places on side streets where

the art of old Japan has never been defiled by foreign contact. We bought bronzes in a shop that has been conducted by the same family on the same spot, descending from father to son, for more than three hundred years. The front is undecorated; just a little sign. You enter a court, and then through room after room that would fill a collector with joy. I am often asked, when people examine some of our curios, "Were those made by hand?" My dear lady or gentleman, everything is made by hand in Japan; that is, everything worth buying. They make nothing with machinery. In the past few years some factories are turning out cheap imitations of hand-work with machinery, and that is what we often buy in this country as Japanese art, but in these old shops everything is made by hand. We saw them work and make those beautiful things, so different from our workshops. You go up a narrow stair into a long room that seems all windows, mostly open and looking out onto a charming garden, with a little waterfall and a bridge, some bronze storks standing about a fountain, lotus blooming in the pond, and wistaria just out of bloom, hanging its long tresses from a little pergola.

They are artists, each one, who signs his own work. Even a carven bamboo cane I have is signed by the artist who carved it. They will not work unless there are beautiful things about them. They cannot, nor will they, work unless they are happy, in tune with their work.

No great painter is more scrupulous of his atmosphere and his own spirit than these workmen. You could not get them to work under other conditions. Many of them are working here in the same room for the same employer where and for whom their fathers and grandfathers worked.

This is not to be a treatise on Japanese art, but I want to tell of a few of the things. For instance, I saw a cabinet, perhaps five feet high by four wide and two deep, of the old gold lacquer, for which the owner asked ten thousand dollars. Six men worked on it for three years. This lacquer takes twenty-two processes before it is finished, and then it is good for the ages. Time and weather have no effect on it. I saw walls and walls of it in the Nikko temples that have been there for three hundred years, still fresh and glowing. I thought I had seen red lacquer in this country, but I was mistaken. The real red lacquer

is nearly as expensive as the gold lacquer. A small box was twenty dollars. A little tray ten dollars. But these are art treasures, and few of them go outside of Japan.

These old stores that Asole took us to cater to the Japanese trade almost exclusively. In many of them they had no English, for Americans never find their way there. They work patiently, slowly building up an art object that will last for all time, for people who know how much time there is. Time is no object if the end be attained. The master of the shop knows his workmen intimately. They work together. Each workman feels for the honor of his house, and for no money would he slight a piece of work or do his second best. When he is ill, tired, worried, "not happy," he quits till he is in tune with his work again.

I think that Kioto, however, excels in bronzes. The variety is infinite, for no patterns are duplicated except by special order. And the prices on these are certainly very low compared with even inferior bronze work at home. I had at home a bronze globe for an electric light. I bought one like it, but better bronze, in Kioto for just one-fifth the Kansas City price

The place for silverware is Yokohama, and I shall describe that later.

In the afternoon we visited some of the temples, and there are many in Kioto, but none of them compare with those at Nikko; and I shall leave the temple business for Nikko.

One morning we went to the Geisha school, where three hundred young girls are being taught the art. The training of a geisha commences when she is six, and is kept up till she graduates at fifteen. They usually retire at twenty or twenty-three; in fact, they seldom dance after they are eighteen.

We were shown over the school by the writing-master, one of the most charming gentlemen I have met in or out of Japan. He spent two hours with us, and when on leaving I ventured to offer a tip he was rather put out.

We saw the whole thing. In one room they are taught to cut and make their own clothes; in another, to read and write. That was our guide's room. In another, to play the samisen, a long instrument that looks like a half-log, with strings on its back, and the three-stringed lute. They are

taught to sing to this accompaniment, and anything more excruciating than a Japanese song I have never heard. It is a high nasal of about four notes, with little slips and slides and quavers in the most unexpected places, and apparently endless. One song, the guide informed us, was a love song, "Oh, very passionate!" It sounded like a tomcat on a moonlit night.

But of course it was the dancing we came mostly to see, and we saw them all,—the Cherry Dance, the Dance of the Harvest Moon, the Dance of the Bamboo, and so on. The cherry, plum, pine and bamboo are the four "happy trees" of Japan, and there is a dance for each one, besides many others. It is not dancing according to our notions, just little steps here and there, posturings, and gestures, kneelings and bowings and genuflections. An ancient geisha who looked as though she might be a hundred sat in front and dictated each movement of the body, the eyes, the hands, the fan, and the little creature watched her with painful intensity and sought to imitate her. Sometimes it takes six months to learn a single dance, for every movement, every gesture, the movement of the eyes even, must be exactly so.

And then we had the tea service. We entered one of the little rooms and squatted on the floor. Another ancient geisha presided, and met us with bows that brought her forehead to the floor. She and our guide had probably met a dozen times that day, but they bowed three times to each other, clear to the floor. Then a girl brought in the tea and the service began. Understand, it is a rite. Every movement must be just so. From the teacup or bowl she takes a little cloth, dips it in a jar of hot water, lays it on a certain side of the cup, moves it three times around the cup, and lays it in a particular place. Then she bows to the company. Then she puts in the tea, bows, adds the hot water, bows, covers it for a moment, bows, and then with a little brush whisks the tea leaves out, and the tea is made. In receiving it from the attendant you should take it with both hands, shift it once around, and then drink it with a sucking noise, which denotes satisfaction. Sometimes the girl would make a mistake: she failed to lay the hot-water dipper at the proper angle. The ancient geisha rapped sharply with her fan, and the girl started and changed it a fraction. This tea service has been handed down for hundreds of years,

immutable, unchangeable, and it is the last and closing part of a geisha's education. A Japanese would be grossly offended if a girl should deviate a fraction from the prescribed usage. It is interesting once, but very tiresome, as is the whole geisha business.

It is part of the old ceremonial life of Japan, the most exactly fixed, complex, stilted, artificial and sophisticated the world has ever seen. It is ruled and ordered as everything in Japan is.

The geisha class are easily to be distinguished on the street by the way their hair is dressed. Other Japanese women roll their hair on the top and back of the head with a sort of pompadour in front. The geishas wear the pompadour, but the roll is changed to a sort of butterfly bow. The old geishas we saw had about nine hairs left, but the nine were arranged in a bow, four on one side and five on the other. While we were drinking our tea the writing-master inquired if we knew Madam Blank, wife of a retired general of our army. Unfortunately, we had not the honor. He told us that Madam Blank and her two daughters learned the tea service at this school, and one of them learned some of the dances.

He added naïvely: "I always hear American radies much fraida to show theira leg. Madam Blank and her daughters not at all fraida." Bully for Madam Blank! Evidently she learned something over here besides the tea service.

I have been asked "Are the geishas immoral?" To answer that question one would have to go into the WOMAN QUESTION in Japan—a weighty, doubtful, deep and dangerous subject; but here goes.

No Japanese is immoral. They are just unmoral; that is, they have no morals as we understand it. The sex relation is all ordered, ruled and fixed, like everything else. Boys and girls do not play together, mix together, or associate. Wives are picked for their sons by the mothers. They are all marriages *de convenance*. There are no chance unions, no seductions, no bastards. It is not considered immoral for a girl to enter a tea-house for an apprenticeship of three or four years, to have commerce with men for hire. She receives at the end of the time a stipulated sum, with which for a dowry she marries and is a faithful wife and a devoted mother. The geisha class are professional entertainers, like

the flower-girls of China. They are usually immoral, nearly always so. When they retire with their earnings they marry as do other girls. It is no disgrace; it is simply a profession. No man of the middle class would hesitate to marry a geisha or tea-house girl if her dowry were sufficient. It is as hard for a Japanese girl to marry as for a French girl, unless she has a dowry, however small; something she can contribute to the family fortune. But the French girl without a *dot* is condemned to celibacy, while the poor Japanese girl may without shame become a geisha or a tea-house attendant, earn her dowry and marry.

I cannot better show the present stage of Japanese morals than by this instance, perfectly authenticated, published in all the Tokio newspapers with full names. The Japanese Government maintains in Tokio a house of prostitution known as the Toshiwara. It contains thirty-two hundred inmates, and is a government institution, like the tobacco monopoly and the railways. Many curious things might be told of this place, where American women go without criticism to see this side of Japanese life. We did not, for lack of time, but were told of it very

fully. Well, during the last war a Japanese desired to go and serve his country, but was debarred by the fact that he had a wife dependent on him. She removed the bar by entering the Toshiwara till his return from the war. So far from being disgraced, she was exalted, highly commended for this act of patriotism. Match that if you can, anywhere else in the world. The Japanese have solved two phases of the sex question: there are no bastards and no old maids in Japan. Don't ask me about the latter—you would not believe me, and it is too complex to explain here, but it is true.

Of course the last word has not been said on marriage, and the relation of the sexes, any more in Japan than elsewhere, and many phases of it are changing there. Among the higher classes, love matches are now common where they were formerly unknown, but the things I have told remain true to-day in their entirety. Once more I say the Occidental and the Oriental cannot meet; there is a gulf fixed between them.

When you read of the traffic in Chinese and Japanese girls for immoral purposes on the Pacific slope, and when I tell you that the men engaged in it are

men of high standing among both races, men of probity, position, themselves moral, you will wonder. Perhaps the last few pages will partially explain. Their attitude toward women is wholly different from ours, and it remains the glory of the Teutonic races that from their earliest history the virtue of woman has been one of their cherished ideals. No other race in history has given women the rank that the Teutons have.

Let us turn from this unpleasant subject, unpleasant, yet necessary if you would understand Japan, to something more cheerful.

We visited the great Jiujitsu school one afternoon, or rather one noon, for this exercise is enforced upon all high-school boys three days in the week, from twelve till two. It is held in a great one-story building, open on all sides. There were five instructors, and we saw nearly a hundred pupils all at it. This was the real jiujitsu, especially when, after the pupils were through, two of the professors gave an exhibition. It is hard to describe, because it is hard to understand when you see it. Every movement is made with such lightning quickness that the eye can hardly follow

it. Of course the science of all wrestling is leverage. The application of force at a point where the leverage is in favor of the attacking party. Every hold maneuvered for is to that end, like the half-Nelson, the hammer lock, and so on. Jiujitsu is simply a scientific extension of this principle, infinitely worked out. There are some three hundred separate holds or positions in it. The opponents, in linen jackets and short trousers, barefooted, face and grasp each other by the neck and arm; it is really a "collar-and-elbow hold." A appears to give ground, and suddenly, placing his foot just above his opponent's knee, throws himself on his back. His opponent, forced by the pressure on his leg, which will break unless he yields, goes up and over on the foot of A, clear over and onto the floor, ten feet away. Nearly all the holds are based on this principle. If the hold is secured, you must go down or have a limb broken. The answer to this hold is for the opponent to throw himself quickly on the floor beside A, and the struggle is resumed on the floor, for it is not a fall till one hip and shoulder touch the floor.

It was a wonderful exhibition of agility, strength, and good-nature. A boy would be thrown ten feet,

clear over the head of his opponent, and get up laughing and resume his hold. Every high-school pupil must take this for at least two years. Four years' study qualifies to teach.

In the same room, a few feet away, the girls of the high school, some fifty of them, were learning fencing. There were three teachers, two middle-aged men and one girl, the sprightliest, quickest and most athletic piece of femininity I have ever seen. They use two-handed wooden swords, grasped with both hands, in shape and size exactly like the old saumurai blades. They stamp and shout and rush at each other, feint, guard, strike and recover like old swordsmen. Like everything Japanese, it is conventional. So many strokes this way, such a guard for every stroke, all laid down and ordered and ruled.

I fancy in the old days, when the great swordsmen flourished in Japan, they threw the rules away in a real fight; but it is fine exercise for the little girls, and they would come up to our platform panting and glowing with health and exercise when they were through. No wonder they are a healthy people, with their outdoor lives, their constant exercise, their

temperance in food and drink, their cleanliness and simple living.

On one of those golden evenings Asole decided to show us a Japanese theater. There were plenty to choose from, some twenty, all together on Theatre street, a gay scene with the gaudy entrances, fervid announcements of the attractions in each, crowds coming and going, Japanese orchestras splitting the air, a Japanese Rialto.

We voted for a patriotic play, a war drama of the old times. The admission was five cents, the room long and narrow, no seats, just a matting on which we squatted. The room was fairly well filled, with all ages and both sexes, who had left their clogs at the door. How they ever find them when they go out is a mystery, for they are all the same size and look exactly alike. Most of the men were smoking. When the curtain rose on the narrow stage a very ugly Jap strutted out, clad in an undershirt and a skirt hung from his hips. He grimaced and strutted, stamping across the stage and scowling. Once he half-squatted and waddled across the stage, and this seemed to amuse the audience immensely. Then he

drew his two-handed sword and cut and slashed an imaginary enemy in the most terrifying way. Then he went up scene, and another and another went through the same pantomime till there were six of them. One of them carried a club, and seemed to be the funny man. Then they lined up, three on a side, and apparently dared each other to come on. It took a long time for the scrap to start, and when it did it was the tamest thing imaginable. There was never the slightest danger of anyone's getting hurt, and they attitudinized and grimaced tiresomely for fifteen minutes. Then the heroine appeared. She was a buxom Japanese girl with her hair down her back, which gave her a very wild look in that land of neat coiffures. When she appeared there was something doing. She declaimed for a while in a shrill voice, and then grabbed the club from the funny man and whacked him off the stage, the others standing apparently paralyzed with amazement. Then she knocked the sword out of the hand of another, picked it up and bored a hole in his stomach, or pretended to. That settled him. He was dead. He knew it, and retired to a corner of the stage *hors du combat*. Apparently he was not satisfied with the

manner of his untimely taking-off, for he calmly pulled up his undershirt and examined the place where there should have been a large hole in his stomach. Not finding any, he seemed to feel relieved, and immediately borrowed a cigarette from one of the orchestra, lit it, and for the rest of the performance was the happiest-looking dead man I have seen in a long time.

In the mean time, the heroine was stamping and declaiming, kicking up behind and rearing up in front, and swatting the other performers till she had the whole bunch down and out. Then an attendant rushed out with a Japanese flag, and when the curtain fell on the gory field covered with dead and wounded she was standing with her legs straddled as far apart as possible, still declaiming and waving the flag.

I never did find out what it was about, for Asole did not seem to know; but it pleased the audience.

Kioto is not lacking in picturesque scenery, for all about it are beautiful hills, streams, waterfalls and lakes, within easy driving distance. One of our

memorable trips was to Lake Biwa and back down the canal that pierces the mountains. The lake lies several hundred feet above Kioto, nestled in high hills, and drains into the Japan Sea to the north. It is only eight miles from Kioto; is some fifty miles long and from one to twenty miles wide. As it is surrounded with villages, rice and tea farms, it is a busy waterway, and when we saw its waters they were thickly dotted with small steamers and sail-boats. In 1888 a bright young Japanese engineer conceived the idea of utilizing the waters of the lake for the benefit of Kioto and its commerce. He dug a canal nine miles long and thirty feet wide through the hills and above the valley, and finally led the waters to the very edge of Kioto, where there is a fall of two hundred feet that furnishes light for all Kioto, motive-power for the street cars and for the various mills. An inclined railway hauls boats up from the canal that runs from Kioto to Osake; from there they are drawn by coolies to Lake Biwa, thus opening water transport from Osake on the Gulf to the very interior of the country.

We drove from Kioto to Otsu, where the canal leaves the foot of the lake, a charming drive, with

the same low-hung carriage with two big fat horses and the boy to run in front. He ran nearly all of the eight miles, keeping ahead of the horses with ease. The road leads up a valley nearly all the way, a road that is one long street, with farm-houses touching elbows, and the tiny farms stretch back up the hills on either side. Not like an American farm-house, I assure you, for the first thing that strikes you about the farms in Japan is the absence of domestic animals. Never a cow or a horse. All the hauling, nearly, is done by hand, two-wheeled carts hauled by men and women. The absence of cows puzzled me till I learned the reason. There is no grazing in the Far East. You see hills covered with beautiful verdure, everywhere in China, Japan, and the Philippines, but no cattle, not even a goat. The grass is a kind of saw-grass, bamboo-grass, they call it, that is death to ruminants. The few cattle that are kept, mainly bullocks for hauling, are fed on forage, hand-raised, very expensive. I did not taste fresh milk or cream on the entire trip. Everything is condensed milk, mostly from America. The beef and mutton come mainly from Australia in refrigerator ships. Just the other day the beef contract for our

RICE MILL.

soldiers in the Philippines was let to an Australian concern. The Governor-General there, who has a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, keeps two cows. By virtue of his official position and to maintain its dignity, he must do so. It is said that the expense of keeping these cows was one of the reasons that Taft gave up his job. We saw an Australian heifer on the streets of Manila, and she excited more attention than an elephant would here.

So, vast areas in Japan that would be raising beef and mutton with us, are barren wastes, producing nothing, and one great source of agricultural profit is denied to the farmers of Japan.

The farm-houses are all alike. We stopped at one for a drink of water. The fronts are all open, closed by several doors that in the daytime are slid back into a box at one corner. The first room is workshop, kitchen and dining-room; in fact, the living-room of the house. It is stone-floored, spotlessly clean, with a stone tub in the middle, into which pours a little stream of pure water led from the hills above, that overflowing wanders out the back door and irrigates a little garden. The other room has a floor raised some two feet, covered with matting,

and is the sleeping, reception and state-room of the house. Here the few family treasures are kept, and here they sleep, on the floor, with a kind of saw-horse for a pillow. No chairs, no beds, no carpets,—just matting and saw-horses.

Two dollars would have been an extravagant price for all the furniture in this house. Back of the house a path centuries old led steeply up the hill, and at every turn is a stone, a sort of altar, reared to some dead-and-gone ancestor, before which are tiny offerings of rice and paper flowers, just as in China they are placed before the tombs.

In the larger houses the family tablets are kept in the living-rooms, but in either case they are always near by, reminding the descendants always of their duty and obligation to the dead.

On each side of the road runs a thread of water, not idle, but busy everywhere. Here it waters a fringe of bamboos, there it irrigates a little rice-field, and next it turns the overshot wheel of a mill where the rice is ground. There is nothing idle in Japan, not even the water. In summer the lower reaches of the rivers look like the Arkansas, for all the water is taken out farther up and put to some beneficial use.

Everywhere on the road is traffic, on foot, coming and going. Here a cart with two men drawing a load heavy enough for a pair of horses, there a woman swinging along with two baskets of vegetables or crates of fowls, hung from a bamboo pole across her shoulder. Only the children are idle. As a rule, Japanese children have a good time. They are seldom put to work till they are ten. They are under practically no restraint from birth till they are eight. The Japanese believe that it is useless to try to discipline a child of such tender years. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined" does not go in Japan. So until the age of eight they play in the sun, do as they please. At the age of eight they begin to be restrained, gradually at first, more closely, more rigidly as they age, until at fifteen they are typical Japanese, self-controlled, reserved, staid, and thoroughly disciplined.

The discipline and routine become more rigid each year till the Japanese ideal of self-control is established. Foreign teachers in the Japanese schools have commented on this change, so gradual yet so complete, in these formative years. The children are gay, happy, careless, thoughtless, like ours. But

by the age of fifteen or sixteen they have lost all youthful looks and youthful ways and are miniature men and women. As in everything else, they reverse our rules. In fact, everything in Japan is the reverse of everything here. Even the carpenter pulls the plane toward him instead of pushing it, and they build the roof first, the house afterward.

The canal leaves the lake at a little fishing-village called Otsu, and on the hills above is the old Mijidera temple, one of the oldest in Japan, before which is a gigantic live-oak said to be the oldest tree in Japan, and it looks it. The view from the temple platform, of the lake winding away beyond eyeshot, the surrounding hills covered with rice and tea, the busy life of the lake, the little village below, make a picture purely Japanese.

When we took our seats in the boat for the canal trip, our hearts sunk just a little. A railway tunnel is bad enough, but somehow this dark stream that just before us plunges into a low cavern cut in a lofty hill, was rather gloomy-looking. Two boatmen with an oar in the stern steer the boat and the swift current does the rest. We darted down between high banks crowned with great cryptomeria trees, shot

LAKE BIWA FROM TEMPLE.

into the vault, and the daylight was gone. We could touch the damp roof overhead. An occasional sprinkle of water penetrating some crevice in the skin of the tunnel was not reassuring. A paper lantern on the bow with a candle in it was the only light, for the tunnel entrance vanished quickly. The low talk of the boatmen, the ripple of the subterranean stream, resounded in the vault with startling sonority.

Far off we saw another tiny light, and in a moment swept by another boat loaded with freight coming up against the stream. Two coolies, a man and a woman, naked to the waist, pulled it by a chain fastened to the wall of the tunnel. Twice we passed loaded boats going down with the current. About midway a narrow shaft from the top of the mountain supplies the tunnel with air. We were in the tunnel only twenty minutes, but it seemed hours. We were on the fabled Styx, bound for some nether world, peopled with Shades like ourselves, Charon at the oar, Cerberus before us. At last, far off, a tiny gleam of daylight, the other end, more welcome than any daylight I ever saw. The candle burned out as we struck the light as though it were timed for the passage, and the

open disclosed a wonderful scene. The canal there is hung on the side of the mountain, following its windings, far above a green valley, and crowded with traffic. Huge barges pulled by coolies, men and women, half-naked, glistening with sweat, trudged the tow-path, and with their breasts in a rope pulled against the swift current. Passenger boats well filled drawn the same way. Picnic parties gay with kimonos flashing smiles at us as we passed. Patient fishermen angling without apparent results. Villages with a few scattering houses, waving bamboos, lotus blooming along the banks, and strange wild-flowers everywhere on the slopes. Above us the green-clad hills, far off across the valley, other hills melting into blue haze in the distance, and all about us the sparkling, multicolored, busy Japanese life. Worth crossing the sea for, that trip was, the most interesting, I think, of all our side trips.

Another tunnel, but shorter (the first is over a mile in length), and then two shorter ones, and Kioto is below us, and far off, a dim streak where lies the Bay of Kobe.

It takes an hour, this unique trip, and simply as an engineering marvel it is worth it.

JAPANESE FISHERMAN.

We shot the famous rapids, between Kameoka and Arashiyama, one of the most picturesque of trips. We wandered through more temples, saw the new palace (no great sight), and the Imperial Gardens, till our four days were gone, like a dream, and it was time to go.

I have never enjoyed four days more, for no city in the world is more purely characteristic of its people, more unspoiled by foreign contact, than this old town. Its "atmosphere" is all Japan.

We had intended to spend a day at Myanoshita, a watering-place between Kioto and Yokohama, but a washout on the railroad—how familiar that sounded!—necessitated a long detour, and we gave it up and traveled direct to Yokohama.

A RAILWAY TRIP.

The Japanese railways are practically all state-owned, all narrow-gauge, and fairly well built. I say fairly. The road-bed is good, but not of the best. The engines are all of English make, and the speed seldom goes above thirty miles an hour. The first-class fare is straight two cents a mile, third-class as low as three-quarters of a cent. In the first-class

cars the seats are along the side. There are good toilet conveniences, and through trains carry sleepers at night and dining-cars by day. The sleepers are patterned after our narrow-gauge Pullmans. The dining-cars serve an excellent lunch for forty cents gold, and dinner for sixty cents. Every passenger pays a tax to the Government in addition to his fare, something like ten cents of our money on long trips. The stations are well built, and the courtesy of employés leaves nothing to be wished for. You may travel from end to end of Japan without knowing the language, for always there is some one around who has a little English.

Among our fellow-passengers were a charming Jewish couple just married, she an Englishwoman, who had gone to school at Lausanne with a daughter of Gardiner Lathrop, and he French, eight years in the wine import business at Yokohama, speaking Japanese like a native. They were very kind to us at Yokohama, and I got from him another side of the Japanese business character. His partner is a native, and Mr. W. told me that among themselves, in their business dealings with each other, there is absolute honesty. He thinks as I do, that their dishonesty

MYANOSHITA.

is a passing phase of national character that is already amending. It is due to two causes:

Under the shogunate, in the old days, the highest class was the soldier, the saumurai, or "two-sword men." They were gentry, petty nobles, entitled to wear two swords. Their only business was arms. The next in rank was the agricultural class, the farmers; and below them all the merchants or traders. Each class was fixed by heredity, and none could rise to a superior class. Traders were low people, very low, and the taint of trade, the shame of their employment, made them dishonest. It is less than fifty years since these restrictions were removed, and now that the merchant and trading class are the equals of every one, now that Japan has grown democratic and trade is deemed honorable and the highest nobles in the empire engage in it, a change is coming swiftly.

Besides that, the old system of Japan was largely communal. Artisans were the dependents on rich families. They did not work for hire. Their living was assured. It was thus, assured of a livelihood, with no care for the future, that those great artists of the old time grew up. It was thus that they con-

ceived and executed those marvels of patient industry and beautiful form that are the admiration and despair of moderns.

When the old system broke down, the communal society was abandoned. When men began to work for hire and sell their own handiwork, they were met with an invasion from the outside world of a class unknown to them. Most of the earlier traders who came there were adventurers of the lowest class, and the Japanese quickly found that he was cheated at every turn. Nothing was more natural than that he, new to the competitive system, should conceive that its essence was dishonesty. He followed the example set him by the Occidentals he first traded with.

Now he is learning differently. Even in California, where there is such an outcry against Japanese dishonesty, they will tell you that there are many exceptions, many Japanese of scrupulous honesty; and the number is increasing. They are learning the lesson the Chinese learned long ago, that honesty is best in business.

Another fellow-traveler was a Japanese colonel, a powerfully built, swarthy man, dark as a negro, and one of the most military figures I have ever seen.

But the pleasantest part of the trip was another acquaintance we made. At one of the stations, a junction point where the railroad from the north met ours, there was a crowd of officers in white uniforms and high-class civil officials bidding good-by to a native in plain clothes. It was evident that he was a person of importance, with his servant and his secretary. We were struck with the profound respect that he received from every one—the entire crowd stood at salute when the train pulled out—but still more with his marvelous resemblance to a well-known Kansan, Gen. Wilder M. The same height, the same erect carriage, the same square, soldierly figure, piercing eye, the same in everything, features, manner and all, except that our Japanese friend has more hair than the General.

A fat Shinto priest who was traveling second-class came in to see him and bowed to the ground. At every station where we stopped there were officers and civilians to see him, and all bobbing and saluting. At the foot of Mt. Fuji we made his acquaintance. As we approached it, there are three peaks almost alike, and we were puzzling as to which was the sacred mountain, when he leaned forward and told

us. We fell into conversation, found him charming, speaking English and French fluently, and talked for two hours with him about Japan, its past, present and future.

That he was a great official we divined, that he was a man of the highest intelligence we knew, widely traveled and read, familiar with all the courts of Europe.

The next day I asked a friend in Yokohama for the identity of our traveling companion. I described him, and he said, "You have met Baron Hyashi, the second man of the Empire, next to Ito." He was returning from Seoul, where he had been helping Ito settle the Korean mess.

We had entertained an angel unawares. Maybe, though, if I had known how great a man he was, I should have been too awestruck to enjoy his company.

By the way, some of these resemblances of orientals to home folks are queer. For instance, I found Fred V. in Canton cutting up fowls in a butcher-shop. I knew him at once by his nose and his stomach. And Van never dissected a politician or flayed one of his dislikes with greater skill than his doppelgänger dismembered that chicken. I found

Judge Frank D., shaven and garbed as a Buddhist priest, beating a big drum in a temple at Nikko. The priests take turns an hour about keeping Buddha awake with a kettle-drum. The resemblance was exact. I wonder if there is not something in phrenology, nosology and the like?

Here was General M.'s *alter ego*, a soldier. Van, who is a vivisectionist, finds his double in the same business of a lower kind. And how thoroughly apt that Judge D.'s counterpart should be a Buddhist! The Judge's best opinions have the same sublety, the same involutions, refinements, metaphysical labyrinths, the same finished reasoning, so clear that it is wholly obscure to the lay mind, as an essay on the Higher Buddhism.

A daylight ride through Japan is of course a kaleidoscope of the strange and new. A railway ride through America nowadays reveals merely a long procession of hideous, gaudy signs, insulting the eye in the midst of the most beautiful scenery. The glorious Mohawk Valley in New York is ruined by these detestable evidences of enterprise. If I were lord of all that is, I would hang every man who attempts to put up a

sign on any natural object. It is bad enough to have them on a store, where they belong, but it is a crime that should be punished without benefit of clergy to deface God's handiwork with ads. for tooth-wash, hams, paint and the like. Japan, unfortunately, is beginning to imitate us in this as in many other things of small decency, but only about the great cities like Tokio and Yokohama, that are more or less Americanized.

The most striking feature of our ride through Japan was the unending row of bowed backs, mostly turned from us, bobbing away at their tasks in the rice-fields and tea-gardens. Those innumerable sturdy buttocks, male and female, each with a hoe, never rising up to even glance at our train, are a distinctive feature of Japan. They wear great conical straw hats, two feet across, and as a further protection against the sun a sort of mat of straw thatch hung over the back.

Every farm-house has its flowers. The wistaria bloom is past and the chrysanthemums have not yet come, but in a corner of every little rice-field is a great bunch of lotus, many-colored, enormous in size.

PLANTING RICE.

No matter how small the home, there must be somewhere a space for flowers.

Abundant rainfall makes Japan very green, green as the Emerald Isle, and gives besides innumerable small streams, waterfalls and lakes, those beauties that only abundant water lends to a landscape.

Rice is beautiful growing, but a tea plantation makes perhaps as fine a show as any agricultural plant. I visited the largest tea plantation in Japan, near Kioto, and for the first time learned something about tea as it is grown.

I remember when I was a boy that my father always drank Young Hyson, and I used to wonder where Old Hyson was, and how Young Hyson happened to break into the game all alone; wondered if Young Hyson would be Old Hyson when Old Hyson was gone. I wondered at the strange hieroglyphics on the boxes and the strange exotic flavors that came from them, and little thought I should ever go where those strange boxes came from and see Young Hyson at home.

Tea is an evergreen shrub that grows from three to five feet high. It is planted in rows, and at a little distance looks like a well-trimmed box hedge. It

came originally from Assam; is, I believe, a kind of wild camellia, but has been domesticated in China and Japan for more than a thousand years. It is even more widely diffused than wheat, for it grows from Japan clear across the equator, even to Australia.

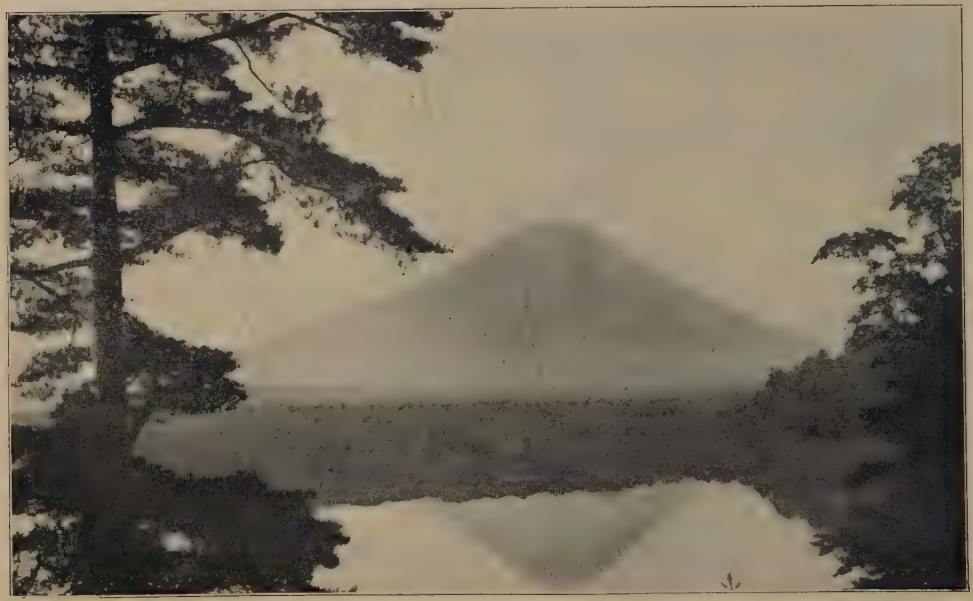
In China, black tea comes from the south and green tea from the north, as the latter is hardy while the former requires a moist, warm climate. Japan raises nothing but green tea. Brick tea, much used in central Asia and Russia, is the stems and broken leaves pressed into brick form.

Black tea owes its color to the fact that it is exposed to the air before it is roasted.

There are four processes in the preparation of tea for market. It is first wilted, then rolled by hand, then fermented, and finally roasted or fired. All are delicate processes, requiring considerable skill. Green tea has the greater fragrance but less of the thein.

Young Hyson is from two Chinese words that mean "before the rains." Oolong means "black dragon."

The tea plant must be three years old before it



FUJI.

yields. After that, four crops a year are taken from it: in April, May, July, and September; only the new leaves being picked. The yield runs from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds to the acre. So there you are: you know all about it now —as much as I do, any way. It is the staple drink of more millions of people than any other beverage in the world, not excepting alcohol in all its forms.

On this trip we were for four hours within sight of Fujiyama, or "Jujisan," "Mr. Juji" or "Lord Fuji" as the Japanese call it. I have started two or three times to describe it, and each time shied away from it because it is beyond my power or the power of any man to give you any adequate idea of this most beautiful of the world's mountains. So old globe-trotters agree. I had thought that nothing mountainous could be more beautiful than the Jungfrau from Interlaken. But the Jungfrau owes more to its setting than to its shape. Fuji needs no setting, no staging, though in fact it is gloriously set. It is the sacred mountain of Japan, worshipped and pilgrimages made to it by thousands every August. It is a volcano, extinct since 1707, when in its last

eruption it threw ashes into Yeddo, sixty miles away. It is twelve thousand feet high, with a shallow crater, and can be distinctly seen from Yokohama on a clear day, so much does it tower above its fellows.

The approach to it from the west by rail is perfect. You see it dimly among other peaks, then lose it till suddenly the train dashes round a jut of rock, we are following a mountain stream, climbing fast, and it bursts upon us from across a wide valley, where the foreground is cultivated fields, melting into bamboo and oak forest that purple into indistinctness at the mountain's foot, twenty miles away.

When we saw it first it was perhaps five o'clock. The sun was behind us and lighting dimly the mountain's western face. By a curious atmospheric trick the middle third of it was hidden by a translucent opal-tinted veil of mist, and from out this the great peak soars, as if it were swimming in a sea of cloud, its base impalpable. In shape it is a regular truncated cone, with three little notches at the top. Regular, I say; the hand of man could not make anything more regular, more perfect than it appears at this distance. There are no near-by mountains to dwarf it, no neighbors, such as Pike's Peak and

Mont Blanc have. It leaves the valley at perhaps four thousand feet and rises clean eight thousand feet. At that hour the lights upon it were almost unearthly in their beauty. I have never seen atmospheric effects like it among the mountains. There was no purple haze blurring its outlines. It stood out above this opalescent middle belt, as clear-cut as a cameo, and seemed of heaven-reaching height. For two hours I clung to my window, kneeling on my narrow seat, and just gloated over it until it seemed not a real mountain, but a vision, something ethereal, the spirit of a mountain. There was nothing gross or palpable, but all shimmering and shining, yet always clearly cut, perfect in outline, in color, in surroundings, an ideal mountain. No wonder the Japanese worship it. I worshipped it as long as it was in sight. God has never made anything more beautiful, more uplifting to the human soul, than that great peak.

At Kodzu we must change cars for Yokohama. The millennium does not come with state ownership of railroads. When the great east-and-west trunk line of the Islands, the "Tokaido" line from Tokio

to Nagasaki at the southwest corner, was built, there was a fuss on between the boss of the railways and the Governor of Yokohama. To get even, the railway boss left Yokohama off the line twelve miles and ran a branch to it. So the greatest seaport of the islands was left off this main stem and stuck on a branch. There is another main line running north from Yokohama that goes through Tokio, which is fifty minutes ride from Yokohama.

It was like getting back home again to enter the Grand at Yokohama, and get the friendly greeting of my Scotch namesake Smith, who runs it, and every one high and low seemed to know us and be glad to see us.

It is a great pity that American hotel managers cannot send their employés to Japan for a few months to learn how guests should be treated. The you-can-stay-or-get-out air of America is not thought to be the proper thing here. They have the old-fashioned idea that also prevails in Europe, that a guest who pays his money is something to be desired, to be welcomed, looked after, made as much at home as possible. Of course in America the idea is quite different. The people who run hotels are superior

beings. To be allowed to associate with one of them is a privilege vouchsafed only to the elect. The clerk is a Grand Duke, the head waiter a Count, and the bell-boys insolent young ruffians who ought to be kicked once an hour. Undoubtedly the best American hotels are the best in the world. They are also the most exorbitant. I can travel by automobile through the fairest parts of Europe, over roads that are better than our best city pavements, through scenes replete with every interest, pay all bills, including the hire of the automobile, for less money than I can stay at a first-class hotel in any of our great cities.

No wonder foreigners rave at the expense of traveling in America. It is frightful. It is not alone the comfort, the luxury of these great hostelries,—it is the insensate, vulgar ostentation and display for which we pay with a big profit added. What sensible man cares for onyx and gold in the lobby where he sits occasionally, or through which he walks only two or three times a day? What can be more vulgar, for instance, than a hotel like the Waldorf in New York?—not even good taste; just lavish display of the tawdriest kind. I do not believe the better class

of Americans care for it. I know an old hotel in New York that has never been done over. Its lobby is in plain oak, its furniture fine, yet not gaudy, but its kitchen is famous on two continents. It holds a trade that is all the best, makes money, and you can stay there for half you are cheated out of at those circus-wagon hotels farther uptown.

We did not go to Tokio to stay. It is the most exasperating town imaginable to get about in. Talk of the magnificent distances of Washington—Tokio has it beaten four ways. Fancy two million people spread out in houses of not to exceed two stories high, and you will get an idea of the superficial area of this capital. I don't know how many hundred square miles it covers, but I know it takes from one to two hours in a rickshaw to get anywhere. No matter where you stop, the points of interest are so scattered that you are half your time riding.

The streets are much like those of Kioto, but more foreign, more foreigners on the street, for it is so near Yokohama that every one who stops even for a day there goes to Tokio, and you are constantly meeting foreigners. It has none of the charm of Kioto, except in spots that are far apart.

A JAPANESE GARDEN.

F. had heard of "culture pearls," so we had to go there first. I believe the pearl oyster secretes the pearl to cover some irritating substance that has found its way into the shell and wounds and annoys its muscular tissue. So an ingenious Jap has learned to produce them artificially. He takes his oyster, makes a little incision in the muscular tissue and inserts a tiny piece of glass. The oyster proceeds to cover it, and produces a real pearl. It is not an imitation; it is a real pearl, but only half a pearl. Curiously enough, so far, though he has been at it for twenty years, he has never been able to produce a true round pearl. They are flat on one side, but the round side has all the lustre and sheen of the natural pearl. They do admirably for rings, shirt-stud settings and the like, and sell for about a fifth of the price of the same size produced naturally. The Government, which fosters everything here, pays him a yearly subsidy and gives him a breeding-ground for his oysters at Shimoneseki.

To have secured permission to see the palace of the Mikado would have required a two-hours trip to the American legation, a long wait, and then more ceremonies; and I gave it up. We saw the Imperial

Gardens and others of the nobility, but did not admire them. It is all artificial, diminutive, conventional, without a touch of nature. In none of the gardens and in none of the public parks is there any grass. Somehow the idea of a lawn has never penetrated the oriental mind. They don't know how beautiful a bluegrass lawn can be—more beautiful, to my mind, than all the formal gardens in the world.

F. has heard of some ivory carvings and some things that she had not priced yet, and so I left her at her favorite pursuit and went alone to Nikko.

NIKKO.

This famous old temple city of Japan lies well up in the northern part, one hundred and fifty miles from Tokio. It was a Sunday when I started, an excursion day, and the train was crowded with foreigners mostly going to the watering-places that line the eastern slopes of the hills this side of Nikko. At a junction point most of them left, and I had the car nearly to myself.

As you go north from Tokio the country grows wilder, less cultivated. There are wide areas, level enough, where nothing grows but scrub pine and oak.

NIKKO FROM THE HILLS.

Whether it can be cultivated or not I do not know, but certainly that part is not thickly settled; in fact, near Nikko it is the reverse. I have said much about Japanese agriculture, but whether it is to be praised or not remains a question in my mind. Certainly it is minute, for average holdings do not exceed an acre. Japanese authorities say that it is unscientific, old-fashioned, and that much can be done, is being done, to improve its methods. For instance, only twelve per cent of all Japan is in cultivation. Some writers, assuming that Japan resembles other countries, where on the average forty-eight per cent is tillable, say that Japan does not make the most of her natural resources. But it must be remembered that Japan is a series of islands of volcanic origin, with but a small percentage of level land. Still, it is true that I saw miles of country that in Belgium or France would be raising trees, if nothing else. In Switzerland, regions far more inhospitable produce great crops. Japan seems to have no forestry. Bamboo is the only tree that is planted. Instead of clothing these hills and waste places with pine, she imports her timber from Amer-

ica, and now from Manchuria, and does nothing with her waste places.

Certainly Japan is poor enough to use every resource, the poorest country in the world. She has practically nothing but agriculture and fisheries to depend upon. The Government is making strenuous efforts by subventions to build up manufactures and shipping with some success, but she has no minerals to speak of. A little copper, some in the neighborhood of Nikko. Some poor steaming coal. No iron, silver or gold. The Nippon Ginko, the national bank of Japan, gave out a statement in January showing the national resources. Surely this institution would not belittle the wealth of the country, and here are the figures, startling enough. It places the national wealth of Japan, all told, at less than six billion dollars. Contrast that with our more than a hundred billion. The average annual revenue per capita is placed at $15, out of which they pay two dollars a year in taxes, leaving a net income for each man, woman and child per annum to live on, of $13. Even this is exaggerated, because it is based on an estimate of twelve per cent return on its capital, which can hardly be reached. The balance of trade

THUNDER GOD, SHINTO TEMPLE.

against Japan last year was fifteen millions. The total agricultural product of all Japan last year with its forty-eight million people was less that than of Kansas—less, in fact, than the egg crop of the United States alone.

But think of an average annual income, net, of thirteen dollars a head!

You may if you are credulous believe that Japan intends to go to war with America, but personally, I believe the men who run Japan have too much sense. She could not carry on another war for a single month. The last one cost her $1,700,000,000. She was at the point of exhaustion when peace was declared, exhaustion not only of money, but of men. The draft that was going forward when the war closed was what is known as the "eighth line," the last, in fact, for it was boys of eighteen and men of forty-five.

She cannot make another loan, for every resource is mortgaged now. But for the indemnity of fifty millions that came from Russia there would have been a deficit this year.

She is at the end of her resources, for it takes the purse now to do the fighting. Most of her guns and

war material must be renewed before another war. More than that, she has her hands full in assimilating Korea, a task that will take years.

I could give other figures that would show the poverty of this people, but these suffice. Nothing but a patriotism that is fanatic, a courage that is desperate, would have carried her as far as she has gone.

She staked her last dollar in the war with Russia, in the hope of getting Manchuria as an outlet for her surplus population, and failed. True, she has Korea, a rich country, richer than Japan, and with that she must be content till she mends her finances, which will take years. She makes a bluff that she is launching new battleships. They are simply the old Russian ships patched up.

As one approaches Nikko by rail the first of its beauties is the great avenue of cryptomeria, a giant cedar that grows like a pine, straight and tall. This avenue, planted on each side the "Pilgrims' road," leading to the shrines of Nikko, is more than three hundred years old. The great cedars will average three feet through and a hundred and fifty feet high,

CRYPTOMERIA ROAD.

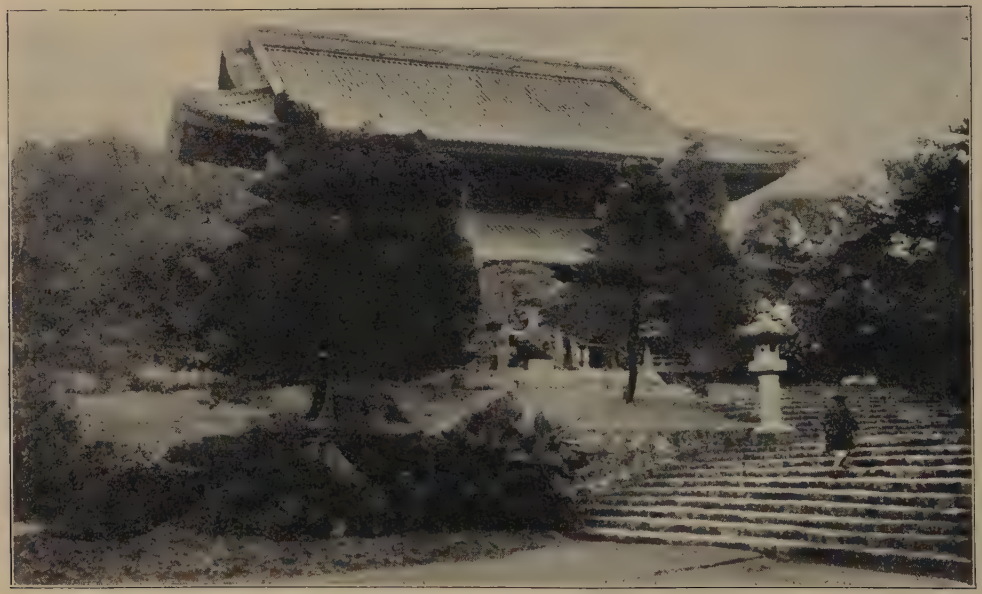
and were set so closely that now they almost touch. The long dim avenue is like a cathedral isle, with the brown trunks splashed with green moss rising sixty feet without a limb, each straight and perfect, and the burst of feathery foliage that meets above, the half-twilight, and the stone road worn by pious feet that tells of its age-old travel.

So far in this wandering narrative I have not used the guide-book much, but at Nikko, the Nikko Hotel has compiled a guide-book of the sights of the vicinity that is so naïve and refreshing that I am tempted to draw upon it just a little. For instance, I am told of the wonderful sacred bridge "over which no one are allowed to pass." "For person pressed for time may ride down" the cryptomeria avenue and take the railroad below. "This excursion are mostly on flat, and therefore no afraidness shall be experienced." "It may easily go up and back same day," where "a good, splendid view can be attained." "This is the easy most pleasantest way to ascent and there can find the good hotel accomodation." English as she is written in Japan.

But Nikko needs no guide-book. You may miss part of it, but you will see enough anyway. There

is plenty to keep you busy if you stay a week or a month, for this is the heart of country Japan, where the old ways linger and progress has not come to blight the old quaintness.

Nikko, like Manitou, lies along a narrow gorge in the mountains, down which tumbles and foams and babbles a clear mountain stream. It is just a long street lined on each side with one-story buildings, shop in front, living-room in the rear, and each with a little garden behind. The shop-fronts are all open, and you may look through and into the living-room and through that into the gardens, where the five o'clock bath is going on. At five o'clock every one in Old Japan takes a hot bath in the back yard. Neighbor gossips to neighbor across the line. If a customer comes into the shop, the man wraps a towel around his loins and comes in to wait on him. It is somewhat startling at first to see the mother of a family emerge from a tub and coolly dry herself in plain view from the street, and girls in the costume of Eve before the Fall chase each other across the tiny yards. Of course I blushed a proper American blush and turned my face the other way, but it was just the same on the other side, and the street



BUDDHIST TEMPLE, KIOTO.

was unfortunately so narrow that I could not quite confine my eyes to it. That I did not, this chronicle confesses, but it was all very innocent, and none of them realized for a moment how shocking it was, therefore I ceased to be shocked, if I ever was.

At the head of the street another gorge comes in, up which half a mile lies my hotel, the Nikko Hotel, and just there is the "sacred bridge," some fifty feet long, all of priceless red lacquer, across which none but the Imperial family may pass. When you pay ten dollars for a red lacquer tray you may fancy what this bridge is worth nowadays.

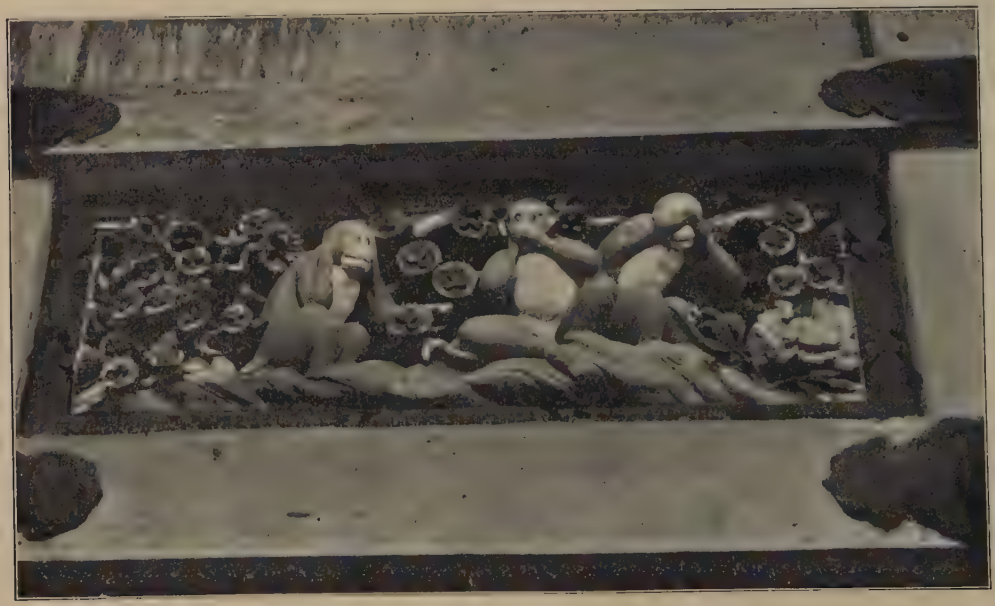
A tiny tramway runs along the stream, coming from a copper mine farther up, and a huge bullock with a tent of thatch over his back to keep off the sun, paces statelily along, drawing a little car, loaded, not with copper, but with girls just back from a picnic somewhere in the hills.

As F. is not with me I fear I neglected the shops. There are several things I did not price that first evening, though I had nothing else to do. But it is a famous place for furs. The sable, the marten, the silver fox and dozens of others are brought there from the far north of the Islands, and even from

Saghalien, to be prepared by these skilled fur-workers. Beautiful leopard and tiger skins, unplucked seal tanned in its natural state, fur slippers and gloves, fur robes and coats, every kind of the most beautiful fur that the frozen north can produce, are shown here,—and shamefully cheap. I was glad F. was not along, for even to me the prices were just resistible, no more.

Nikko is the Rome, the Holy City of Japan. What started it I don't know, but it has more temples than any other city in Japan, ten times over. The piety and wealth of succeeding shoguns and emperors have lavished here the art and skill of each age for five hundred years.

I thought by stopping at the Nikko Hotel, which lies on the same side as the temples, I should have an easy time sight-seeing. I had no reason to regret my choice, for the Nikko is charming, but there is no royal road for sight-seers. When I started out in the morning the hotel sent a guide with me whose English was fully as picturesque as the guide-book. I found afterwards he was a student and was just practicing on me. Trying his English on a dog, as it were. There are over a hundred temples, Bud-



"HEAR NO EVIL SPEAK NONE, SEE NONE." (Page 277.)

dhist and Shinto both, indiscriminately placed, for these religions have lived tolerantly side by side for three hundred years, ever since Ieyasu taught the Buddhists that bloody lesson; but the Buddhist faith has declined and Shinto is now the national religion.

But the Buddhist temples here are beautifully kept up, as many of them were selected as tombs by the Shoguns, since Ieyasu's time, and are abundantly endowed. Constant repairs are going on. The exteriors are regilt and furbished up, and there is no decay, no ruins.

The temples are all of wood, of the same general pattern, rectangular, one-story, with steep roofs and projecting eaves, laid on heavy beams, elaborately carved and gilded, and the façades adorned with wood carvings, colored and plain.

It is here one sees the famous three monkeys, "see no evil, hear none, speak none," with their hands respectively on eyes, ears, and lips.

The wood carvings are mainly of great merit. One temple-front is all elephants, another all cats, another lions; that is, the Japanese idea of lion, really a big pug-nosed dog with bulging eyes.

The interiors of both Buddhist and Shint temples

are much the same. Outside is a wide platform, the fronts all open, closed at night by sliding doors. Within it is a vast expanse of red lacquer floor, walls covered with gold lacquer, hideous idols, incense burning, gold shrines filled with incomprehensible figures, all the paraphernalia of a barbaric yet sophisticated worship.

When you reach the steps of the temple, felt shoes are pulled on your feet, for these priceless floors are not to be marred by boot-heels. A half-grown boy marks you for his own, and takes you through room after room filled with art treasures left by various deceased dignitaries. He singsongs his explanations and the guide interprets. Every temple has a special room for the Emperor and another for the princes. There are curious paintings, mostly in sepia, that look as if they belonged to the impressionist school, for it is impossible to tell what they are about. Buddhist priests beat the big drum to keep Buddha awake and 'tending to business; he is a very sleepy-looking prophet at the best. They intone long prayers in a nasal singsong, burn cords of incense, and scribble endless copies of endless writings on a paper that looks like parchment, and sell them to believers.

Outside in the temple yards are shops where they sell charms against disease, written prayers, and postal cards. Think of the juxtaposition; but no one seems to think it irreverent, because there is no real reverence. As a matter of fact, Japan has no religion that is worthy of the name. There is Ancestor Worship, a family spiritualism, a superstition just a step above the lowest religions the most barbaric tribes of the world acknowledge. But there is no concept of a Supreme Being, an Allwise Power, beneficent, creative, constructive, and omniscient. It is a jumble of half-beliefs, superstitions, vague, childish, the very infancy of religious thought. The higher class Japanese have no religion, the lower class merely a superstition.

At the commencement of the Russo-Japanese war, Marquis Ito seriously proposed that the Japanese should *en masse* embrace Christianity, in order to secure the sympathy of the Christian powers. He feared that they would sympathize with Russia, because of Japan's religion, or lack of it.

It was seriously considered by the Council of Elder Statesmen, of whom Ito is the head, and there is not the slightest doubt that if the Emperor had so de-

creed Japan would have accepted Christianity without hesitation.

As it is, the missionaries are making far more headway in Japan than they are in China. We met many converted Japanese. Certainly anything would be better than their present jumble of myths and superstitions. The Japanese are getting too wise, too modern, to worship a two-headed war god that they make themselves in a near-by shop. Ancestor worship will remain, but Japan will be Christianized within a hundred years very completely.

Christianity holds out to these people something that no other religion offers, something that no other religion or cult has ever thought of,—pardon for sin. It has been a matter of speculation with modern writers for many years why the pagan world accepted Christianity so quickly, so readily; why a religion that in its higher thought is so much above all barbarian conceptions should have so instantly appealed to the barbarian world, such as was Rome in the first century. I think the answer is not hard, although I have never heard it given by anyone. The essence of Christianity is that it is a pardon.

In every barbaric religion, from the earliest ages

down to the worship of the present-day Japanese, there is no pardon for sin. Sin brings its inevitable punishment in this world or the next. The pagans in Christ's day believed that Nemesis and the Eumenides were always at hand to punish transgression. There was no escape. There was certain punishment, retribution both in this world and the next. Christ came with a pardon. Belief in him meant not simply the forgiveness of sin, but its abolition. The washing away not only of the consequence of sin, its punishment, but even of the sin itself.

In our modern revivals, the first aim of the evangelist is to get his hearers "convicted of sin," to feel and realize that they are sinners and that pardon is just there waiting for them.

I fancy if one entered a penitentiary with a pardon for every inmate who could conscientiously believe in any one doctrine, belief would be immediate and general. That is what Christianity does. It finds a sinful world peopled with sinners, full of sin, and extends to every sinner a pardon on very simple terms. The only wonder is that real Christians are so few. If every one sincerely believed in a future state, every ne would be a Christian. That is indisputable.

Given a people that do sincerely believe in a future state as do the Japanese, a people that know they are sinners, a people who have always believed that the punishment of sin was inevitable, and extend to them the pardon of Christianity, and it is bound to appeal to them.

The reason that our churches are not filled is the fact that we do not many of us have a sincere, profound belief in a future state. These people have. They feel their condemnation for sin, they feel the emptiness of their religious rites and superstitions, and Christianity appeals to them.

It follows that about these old temples hangs none of the awe and uplift that a great English or Italian cathedral gives to even the most thoughtless and irreverent. The bizarre decorations, the fantastic shrines, the monstrous gods of human handiwork, produce nothing but a feeling of curiosity. The Japanese themselves wander through these fanes, deserted by worshippers, chattering and laughing, staring and commenting, but without an atom of religious feeling. It is just a show, like a fair with its merry-go-rounds and shoot the chutes.

There is one place, however, where the thoughtful

STONE IMAGES AT NIKKO.

may well bare their heads and pause a while in the contemplation of greatness brought low. On the highest point of one of these great hills, reached by many hundred stone steps, winding and zigzagging between the giant cryptomeria guarded by heavily carven stone balustrades, the work of a long-past age and green now with centuries of moss, stands the great bronze tomb of Ieyasu, the founder of Japan. It stands behind a rather simple Buddhist temple, the faith he professed, just a dome of the old bronze with two storks guarding it in front. No ornament, no decoration, just the simple, sumptuous old bronze. From there you may look out across the green landscape far down the winding valley, to the Japan he loved and served. No tomb I have ever seen, not even that of Napoleon, is more impressive. It strikes you by its very simplicity, the simplicity that marked his great character, for in all his life he sought but one end, the unity and prosperity of Japan. He bent everything to that end, and attained his end by this very singleness of purpose.

Nikko is an alpine country; far up in the mountains and all about it is wild and beautiful scenery,

lakes and waterfalls and gorges. But why attempt to describe them? There is already too much scenery in these chapters, and the scenery of Nikko does not differ from the beauties of nature elsewhere at this season. They say that in the spring, when the wistaria and the azalea which cover all the hillsides are in bloom, and again in autumn when the maples put forth their glory of red and gold, that then it is a riot of beauty.

Certainly it was beautiful in the heart of summer, with none of these attractions. It is a dreamy, quiet, peaceful old place. A place to bask and loaf, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Its greatest charm is that of Kioto, that it is still Japanese. That here you savor the old country life of Japan just as it was before the western invasion. It is the Japan that Lafcadio Hearn and Sir Edwin Arnold loved and wrote of.

The average traveler through Japan takes a hasty glimpse of the coast towns, perhaps sees Tokio, and goes away with but little idea of the real Japan. I am glad I have seen it before it passes away, as it will. The tourists are coming in greater numbers every year. Their blighting hand is already on

Nikko, and the Americans are the worst of all. I have made it a rule abroad to avoid all those hotels "where all the Americans go." They quickly and completely spoil every hotel they patronize. The average American abroad spends his money like a drunken sailor. He gives the same extravagant tips as at home, demands the same kind of hotels he gets at home, and as far as possible keeps away from those hotels that are characteristic of the country he is in.

You will observe that I regard the average American as a poor traveler. He goes abroad mainly to say he has been. He might as well stay at home and study a guide-book, so far as really seeing the country is concerned.

I made several excursions to near-by waterfalls and lakes, always in a rickshaw, and found most of the roads good, none bad. Above all, I reveled in the country life of Old Japan. I can recommend Japan to sated and world-weary travelers for many reasons, but above all for this one, that it is always picturesque, always novel, many-colored, quaint and attractive. Somehow it does not weary you as do most foreign lands. I have spent as dull moments

on the Rhine as I ever did on the Santa Fe, and much of Europe is dull and uninteresting. I did not find a foot of Japan so. I should think it would set a painter crazy with its wealth of color, its picturesque outlines, and he would need no paid models to study the nude. Maybe I have talked too much about the nakedness of Japan, but really it is one of those characteristic things that impress you. I have heard one or two funny stories about this phase.

Near Mogi, on the Inland Sea, is a summer resort much frequented by Japanese for its bathing. A great pool is made by a reef that incloses a part of the bay. Here men and women bathed together without the incumbrance of bathing-dresses for years. Finally Occidental ideas made themselves felt, and the authorities decreed that men and women should not bathe together without clothing. This was a sumptuary law, invading individual rights, and did not commend itself to the bathers, but they got around it all right. A rope was stretched across the pool and the men bathed on one side the rope, the women on the other.

Then there was the bathing-master who was in the habit of stripping off when he went in the water.

The authorities forbade it, and after that he placidly exchanged his shore clothes for a bathing-suit on the beach in full view of everybody. The Japanese are very literal.

A friend of mine who was visiting a Japanese merchant at the latter's country home was considerably shocked when he found the whole family join him in his bath in the stream that flowed through the garden, "in the altogether."

Of course much of this is changing. They are acquiring Western prudery. Nor is it easy to account for their unblushing display. In tropical climates one expects it, but the climate of Japan is much like that of Kansas. Doubtless it accounts partly for the superb health of these people. They are hardened by their constant exposure in scanty clothing.

I left Nikko quite unsatisfied with its beauty, hungry for more. Some day I shall go back. How often we say that! The first time I went to Florida I declined an invitation for a trip up the celebrated Wekiva river, because I was coming back that fall. I was never in the neighborhood again, and never took the trip. New scenes beckon us when we make

another trip, and the things we give up because we are coming again are never seen.

We made one side trip at Yokohama to Kamakura, ten miles from there, to see the Dai-Butsu, or Great Buddha, justly regarded as one of the great monuments of the world. It is a bronze statue of Buddha, sitting on a stone seat some six feet high. The statue seated is fifty feet in height, made of bronze plates brazed together, hollow inside, and so large that it contains a good-sized temple and a stairway leading up to the head. It is ninety-seven feet in circumference and the head is seventeen feet across. These measurements give you an idea of its immensity. When you consider that this was made in 1238 you can realize how far ahead of us these people are in bronze-working. But it is not only unique in size and material, it is a great work of art. The brooding patience of the figure, the beauty of the face, the benignity of its expression, and the just proportions of the whole, mark it as one of the world's masterpieces among colossi.

That was our last of Japan. It was fitting to leave it for the last, for it is the greatest of Japan's ancient monuments.

THE GREAT BUDDHA.

Home was calling me with a constantly increasing insistence, and I shortened my trip a week because I was hungry to see again the landfall of the greatest country of all.

The best part of going abroad is the coming home. I take the privilege of every American to abuse my own country, but as soon as I leave it I begin to want to get back. I used to think I should like a diplomatic appointment abroad. This trip has cured me. I hope to cross the sea again often and see other lands, for globe-trotting becomes a habit, but nothing could tempt me from America, save a new trip, constant novelty, scenes ever fresh.

As I write this on the ship reeling off the miles homeward-bound, my homesickness grows. I even doubt if foreign travel pays. I know I shall feel differently after I have been at home a while. I shall hear the sea calling me, and the sight of a travel-book or the picture of an ocean steamer will set me figuring on another trip.

CONCLUSION.

I am writing this nearly two months after my return. I have had time to forget many things, and as is usual with travel, the fatigue, the hardship, the disagreeable things have passed away, forgotten almost.

There remains a long succession of beautiful pictures that will not fade, of novel impressions that will not vanish, of friends whom I shall not forget.

And now in thinking it over I feel that it was a great trip, well worth the trouble and expense. It has exactly doubled my knowledge of the world. I know now, pretty well, that half that is most alien to us. That was worth while. I often hear people say that they do not want to go abroad till they have seen every part of America. Why? What is travel for? If you go merely to enjoy, to see beautiful sights, America is full of them. If you go with an open mind, with a thirst to know the world you live in and the people that live in it, then America

alone cannot satisfy you. There are but three cities in this country worth going out of your way to see: Boston, New York, and New Orleans. There was another, but the earthquake destroyed it, and the new San Francisco will be a Chicago or a St. Louis. All the others are alike. When you have seen one you have seen them all.

The traveler knows no more of America after he has seen all of them than he did when he had seen one, for they are all American; that expresses it all.

There are wonderful scenic beauties, too, but the Yosemite, the Yellowstone and the Grand Cañon are not essential to a knowledge of the world. I am not urging anyone else to give them up for a trip to Europe, but I prefer foreign travel for the education it gives, the broadened outlook, the greater knowledge of that curious animal, Man.

I am not urging anyone to go abroad. It is a matter of taste, but I find a generally erroneous idea of the cost of foreign travel. As a matter of fact, America is the most expensive country in the civilized world to travel in. I can do Europe in an automobile cheaper than I can travel by rail, sight-seeing, in this country, and far more comfortably, and in-

stead of vast stretches of endless monotony, vapid, wearisome, you have a new picture at every turn of the road, a new outlook on human life, a new treasure for your memory when the trip is over.

I am often asked if I still prefer America and Americans—a very absurd question. Every man prefers his own country, his own people. But no man knows America who knows no other country. A man who had never seen but one horse would hardly be called a judge of horseflesh. It takes a knowledge of other countries, a standard of comparison, to justly appraise our own. We learn then our virtues and our faults. It seems to me the ideal race would be composite. If I were to make such a race I would start with the honesty, the industry and the temperance of the Chinese. That would make a good foundation for racial character. I would add the courtesy and self-control of the Japanese. Take a little, not too much, of the frugality, the wit and the artistic sense of the French. The stability and balance I would get from the Germans, the tenacity of purpose, the holdfastness, from the English. And then I would take from my own people the energy, the initiative, the ingenuity, the

driving-power, and above all as the crown, the saving quality, the American sense of humor, that delightful, intangible quality of which we have almost a monopoly.

Possibly in the fullness of time that composite may be attained here, but at present we are amalgamating the vices of other nations along with their virtues, and the composite is far from ideal yet.

It seems to me that foreign travel is helping America, absurdly as many Americans travel. We return with a different outlook on life, with a juster conception of where we succeed and where we fail, with ideas that bear fruit in the betterment of America, and most of us return more truly Americans.

THE END.